







CANADIAN RYE WHISKY



RYE WHISKY CANADIEN

DISTRILED & BOTTLED UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION COME BETT BEFORE THE SOUS LA SURVEILLANCE DU GOUVERNEMENT \$25 ft oz lig 710 ml = 40% alc./vol.

Atlantic Insight



42

Cover Story: In international art circles, the Canadian giant is a highly conservative, small-town Maritimer named Alex Colville. Here, contributing editor Harry Bruce explores Colville's chosen environment, his mind, and the art that guarantees him a kind of immortality
PHOTOGAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS

24

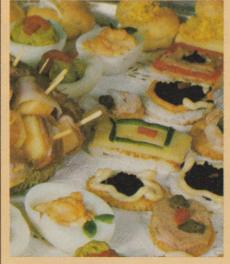
Special Report: Stephen Kimber visits the oldest, indigenous black community in Canada—it's Preston, N.S.— and finds a beleaguered people fighting to save what they have from the cancer of white urban sprawl



38

Small Towns: "For nearly four centuries Harbour Grace has packed fish—first salt cod, then salmon, herring, mackerel, cod, seal oil, whale oil." But as one resident told writer Amy Zierler, "It's not a tired old town. It's vibrant. There's a future here"

December 1981, Vol. 3 No. 10



64

Food: Guess what? No turkey. But here are some secrets for the perfect Christmas party: Rare nibbles, rare drinks, a rare Black Forest log. It's some cake



72

Crafts: Have a very merry Christmas by fashioning your own, unique decorations with loops to nuts, with Styrofoam, chenille, felt, berries, pine cones, clothespins, whatever else you can lay your happy little hands on

80

Sports: Ron Turcotte, the pride of Grand Falls, N.B., was the best jockey in the world until he broke his back. Doctors say he'll never walk again, but don't bet on them. Bet on him. By Jon Everett

- 3 Editor's Letter: From all of us to all of you, Merry Christmas!
- 9 The Region: Boat people revisited. First, the good news, then....
- 16 Newfoundland & Labrador: First Baptist Church vs. city of St. John's
- 18 New Brunswick: French immersion is easier to laud than implement
- 20 Prince Edward Island: Joe Who? No, Joe Ghiz. Maybe the next premier
- 22 Nova Scotia: Is the NDP rising or falling? Depends where you sit
- 32 Folks: Trials of a Kentville Santa; visions of a Saint John weaver; diet of an Island pig. He weighs over half a ton
- 34 Travel: Speaking of pigs, Quebec City is heaven for those who enjoy pigging out
- 50 Calendar of Events
- 54 Health: Why do so many youths kill themselves? Queen's County, N.S., would sure like to know
- **58 Opinion:** Alden Nowlan says it's time we started treating children a little more courteously
- 62 Harry Bruce's column: Until the telegram came, we didn't know Hank Snow cared
- 76 Books: Good books by Atlantic Canadians for the stockings of the literate
- 78 Harry Flemming's column: Why elections are boring: The politicians like them that way
- 85 Movies: As a woman of the Canadian wilderness, Ellen Burstyn is...well, she's Ellen Burstyn
- 88 Ray Guy's column: A cat died, and a child lost her faith in Jesus

We promised on television to help you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question.

We're keeping that promise.

You may have seen some of our messages on television. We're the Canadian Petroleum Association, and our more than seventy member companies produce about 80% of Canada's oil and natural gas.



Offshore oil workers commute to and from the job in big twinengined helicopters like this. The extra engine and cold water survival suits for the workers are just two of the rigid safety precautions that are part of everyday life on the job.

In a nation-wide study, we asked Canadians how they felt about the country's current energy situation. You said you felt confused and frustrated and that you wanted some clear and accurate information.

We want to do what we can to help clear up some of the confusion surrounding the energy question. So we're working to help you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of energy.

The energy question

The so-called energy question is really made up of many questions. Are we facing immediate shortages?

Is Canada in danger or running out of oil and gas? Will conservation solve our problems? Are alternate energy sources readily available to us?

Right now, the world is experiencing an oil glut so there appears to be no likelihood of immediate shortages. But our past experience with revolutions and oil embargos should convince us that we simply can't take things for granted.



Right now, this giant semisubmersible rig is drilling for oil more than two hundred kilometers off the coast of Newfoundland. As high as a thirty-five storey building, the rig has been featured in Ripley's Believe It Or Not.

As to whether or not Canada is running out of oil and gas, the answer is yes and no. Yes we are slowly but surely running out of conventional oil. Oil that is relatively easy to get out of the ground. But we have other kinds of oil. In our oil sands, in the Arctic and beneath the ocean floor. That kind of oil, however, is more difficult to get at and much more expensive to get out.

Will conservation solve our problems? It will certainly help, but given long-term usage projections and a continuing decline in conventional oil production, it is possible for Canada to become self sufficient in oil and gas only with development of new petroleum resources.

Alternate energy sources do hold real promise for the future. But that future is probably several generations away. It appears that oil and gas will remain our primary energy sources until well into the next century.

Our energy habits

Currently, petroleum accounts for an estimated 58% of Canada's primary energy requirements. Oil accounts

for 40% and natural gas provides 18%.

In 1980, Canada produced about 1.52 million barrels of oil per day. But Canadians consumed 1.87 million barrels per day. The difference was made up by costly imported oil. Our known reserves of natural gas, however, suggest that we will have enough for our own needs plus enough to export for many, many years to come.



Television spokesman Ken Colby stands in front of a pumpjack in Alberta's oil country. The pumpjack extracts conventional oil, the kind of oil that has been a declining resource in Canada for ten years.

A little bit of knowledge

Some people say a little bit of knowledge can be a dangerous thing. At the Canadian Petroleum Association, we believe a little bit of knowledge is an important beginning. Obviously, this advertisement cannot contain enough information to make you an oil and gas expert. But we do hope it has helped you understand more about the oil and gas aspect of the energy question.

CANADIAN PETROLEUM ASSOCIATION. Energy solutions begin with understanding.



n our really high moments, usually part of the euphoria of having just got another edition off to press, editors are inclined to congratulate themselves a lot. We've done it again. Frequently, though, if we're wise, we remind ourselves that we don't do it again and again all alone. The people

in the picture above are some of the people who make Atlantic Insight what it is—a magazine that we and, far more important, you continue to be proud of. They write for us, take our pictures, design our pages, do our typesetting, sell our ads, manage our circulation and more. As we celebrate our third

Christmas with you, we thought it an appropriate time to let you have a look at them. And, yes, we do wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Warilyn Wardened

Editor Marilyn MacDonald **Managing Editor** Marian Bruce **Art Director** Bill Richardson Photography Director David Nichols **Art Staff** Peter Shortt, Nona Fuller Associate Editor, Copy Chief Pat Lotz Staff Writer Roma Senn **Typesetting** Nancy MacPherson, Pam Lutz **Contributing Editors** Amy Zierler, St. John's Harry Bruce, Halifax Correspondents Jon Everett, Saint John

Atlantic Insight is published 12 times a year by Impact Publishing Limited, 6088 Coburg Road, Halifax N.S. B3H 1Z4. Editorial Offices: 6073 Coburg Road, Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z1. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in Canadian Periodical

Publisher, President Impact Publishing Limited W.E. Belliveau Assistant Publisher Peter Belliveau Editor-in-Chief, Impact Publishing Ltd. Marilyn MacDonald Circulation Manager Neville Gilfoy Subscription Supervisor Faith Drinnan **Circulation Assistants** Susan Hardy, Fairlie McLean Regional Sales Manager Lena Healy, Telephone: (902) 423-7365 Advertising Sales In Nova Scotia: Mary Kilfoil, Jill Harris Telephone: (902) 423-7365 In New Brunswick: F.G. (Mack) McKinney P.O. Box 3217, Station B Saint John, N.B. E2M 4X3 Telephone: (506) 672-9085

Index. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$17, 2 years, \$30; U.S.A., Territories & Possessions, 1 year, \$25; Overseas, 1 year, \$30. Contents Copyright ©1981 by Impact Publishing, may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

In Prince Edward Island: Barry Smith RR # 2, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. COA 1R0 Telephone: (902) 651-2950

In Newfoundland: Stephen Sharpe P.O. Box 8513, Postal Station A St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2 Telephone: (709) 722-2511

National Sales
John McGown & Associates Inc:
Dave Richardson
785 Plymouth Ave. Suite 310
Town of Mount Royal
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514) 735-5191
Paul Griffin
4800 Dundas St. W.
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

Western Canada Doug Davison National Advertising Representatives Ltd. Suite 414, 788 Beatty St. Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A2 Telephone: (604) 688-6819

Alden Nowlan, Fredericton

Rob Dykstra, Charlottetown





Colwell Brothers

"The English Shops for Men"

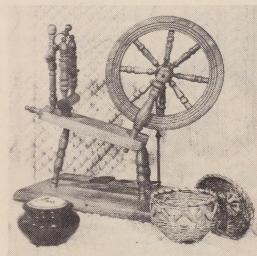
COMON Gentlemen's Clothing at its finest.

TWO LOCATIONS **Barrington Place** 1809 Barrington St., Halifax

> Mic Mac Mall Dartmouth

5th Atlantic Graft Trade Show The only Professional Wholesale Craft Trade Show in Canada





Over one hundred of Atlantic Canada's finest Artisans will present an all inclusive range of crafts from stoneware to graphics.

February 14, 15, 16, 1982, at the Hotel Nova Scotian, Halifax

For information contact: 5th Atlantic Craft Trade Show P.O. Box 519, Halifax, N.S. B3J 2R7 Telephone (902) 424-4214

FEEDBACK

Diversify, don't cannibalize

If Jerry Nickerson (H. B. Nickerson and Sons: The Big Fish in Canada's Pond, Cover Story, October) doesn't know what's wrong with his quarterbillion dollar empire, he should just go through some of his plants. He'd see people doing almost exactly what people did with fish 200 years ago. For every pound of fillet now produced, up to eight pounds of finished heat-andeat products could be made without catching any more fish. The market for this convenience food is virtually unlimited. If Nickerson spent onethousandth as much on developing good, inexpensive products as he does on cannibalizing fish plants, he could build up a year-round industry that would make this province Alberta-rich continuously because the source is renewable.

> Edward Levin Mahone Bay, N.S.

N.B.'s power bills leap, too

I'm getting so tired hearing N.S. and P.E.I. complaining about high power bills (P.E.I.: A Little Province with a Big Power Bill, Energy, October). We poor old suckers here in N.B. are the ones who should be doing the complaining as we produce the power. While visiting my sister in Bedford, N.S., I saw her power bill, \$58.63 for two months. When I came home and checked my bill, it was \$56.13 for one month. Every time the N.B. government sells power to Maine or another province, we know our bill will take another leap.

D. Mills Moncton, N.B.

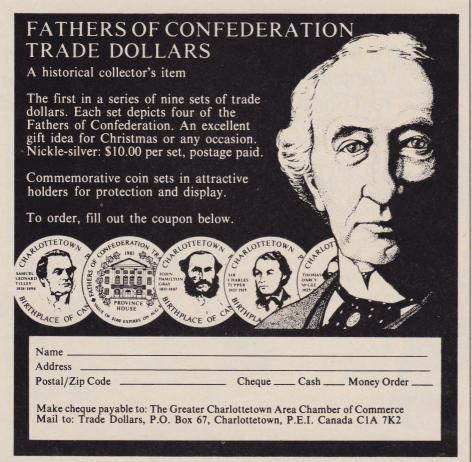
We were wrong. Case dismissed

In Parker Donham's article Claims Are Small but Victory's Still Sweet (The Region, August/September), reference was made to a case involving the Canadian National Railway and Newfoundland Light and Power Co. Ltd. Unfortunately, the author appears to have misrepresented the facts of the case and transposed the victor. The evidence in the case showed that in August, 1979, water escaping from a flume owned by Newfoundland Light and Power washed out a section of the railway road bed approximately 10 miles from St. John's. (There was no derailment as stated in the article.) The water had escaped because several large holes had been cut in the flume by a young vandal. An action brought by Canadian National against Newfoundland Light and Power was dismissed by His Honor, Judge Charles





FOR RESERVATIONS PHONE 429-7070



FEEDBACK

L. Roberts of the provincial court of Newfoundland.

> H. Stanley Marshall, Corporate Legal Counsel Newfoundland Light and Power Co. Ltd. St. John's, Nfld.

Efamol helps MS victims

I read with interest the article by Roma Senn on Efamol (The Promise of Primrose, Medicine, August/September). I would like to point out, as Ms. Senn neglected to mention it, that the oil of the evening primrose is being used extensively here in the U.K. in an effort to control the crippling disease multiple sclerosis. The experiments have met with some very encouraging results, and in particular its use has proved helpful to some sufferers in the early stages of the disease. Let us hope this research project marks the beginning of a valuable Nova Scotian industry.

I.C. Gurholt Mills Newport, South Wales

That's telling her, buster

Donna-Lee Hedges (Oil Rig Jobs: No Women Need Apply, Newfoundland & Labrador, August/September) should understand that there are a lot of able, strong men unemployed who have families to support, unlike Hedges, whose husband is employed full-time. The offshore drilling is a man's job, not a plaything as Hedges would like to make it appear. Seeing she is interested in spending time with her children, she should be told that home is the proper place for her, not offshore.

> Roy Smith Happy Valley, Labrador

No service, no bargain

Shame, shame on your article on Maine written by Colleen Thompson (Bangor's a Bargain Basement, Fall Travel Guide, August/September). How would you like me telling my customers to be sure and go to Bangor, Me., when they want to subscribe to a new magazine? I should tell them the variety is greater, the rates are cheaper and the advertising goes to a much larger readership. Dexter Shoes are owned by the Dexter Company, who run their own outlets with no middle man involved. We in Canada are having enough difficulty in business because of high interest rates, so please smarten up. Anyone can sell cheaper if they don't have to give service.

S. Wayne Proude Proude's Shoes Store Charlottetown, P.E.I.

QUICK!

What's the fast freight route to Newfoundland?

CN Marine.

Road or rail, CN Marine offers the fastest, most convenient land/sea link to Newfoundland. Take a look at the map, and prove it for yourself. From North Sydney, N.S. to Port-aux-Basques, CN Marine operates year' round with a minimum of 2 sailings every day. It's fast. It's efficient: modern roll-on roll-off truck/auto ferries can transport any road-legal rig or load; a convenient drop trailer service is available. And CN Marine also operates a daily rail car ferry between the two ports.

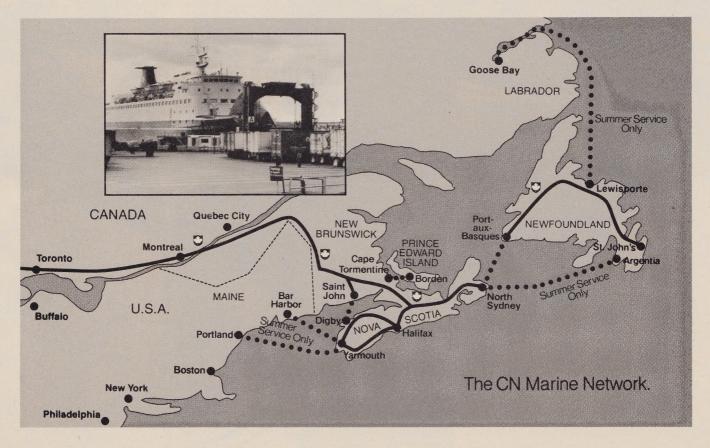
CN Marine is Atlantic Canada's most comprehensive marine transportation network — each year, CN Marine sails a million miles, carrying vehicles, freight, rail cars, containers, and passengers.

So if you're in the business of shipping to Newfoundland, ship CN Marine. For schedules and information, contact:

Marketing Department, CN Marine, Suite 305,

1791 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K9







THE REGION



Two years later, Vongs at home, Cap Pelé, N.B.

The boat people: "You don't stop caring after a year"

The trouble is that, although there are some success stories among our Indo-Chinese refugees, much of the region has done just that: Stopped caring

and Roma Senn

By Veronica Leonard | guage training and jobs—are family friends. And the Vongs are firmly

hen Vong Senh Diu and his family built a bungalow this summer in the small Acadian community of Cap Pelé, N.B., friends and neighbors pitched in to help. In the fall, the volunteers celebrated with Vong and his wife, Quynh Chank Phan, when Ouynh's sister married a Cap Pelé man, Ronald Doiron. The Vongs work at the local fish factory, and their three children attend a nearby French-language elementary school. Two years ago, the Vongs arrived in New Brunswick as refugees from Southeast Asia. Today, the New Brunswickers who sponsored their arrival—providing a



mobile home, clothing, lan- Ru Kim, luckier than most, happy in New Glasgow

settled into their adopted community.

But for many of the other Indo-Chinese "boat people" who moved to Atlantic Canada in the past two years, the transplant has been less successful. Nearly half of the 2,300 immigrants continued a long-standing Maritime tradition and went down the road looking for work in Alberta, joining relatives elsewhere in Canada. (Only in Newfoundland did most of the Southeast Asian families stay.)

The Bao family, for example, left their new home in Port Elgin, N.B., after only eight months, to look for relatives and work in Alberta. For the Baos, the Atlantic region was a good jumping-off spot: They arrived with few possessions, spoke no English and knew nothing about Canada. By the time they left, they had a fair grasp of English, a healthy bank balance and confidence they could survive on their own.

Frank Dunham, an immigration official in Halifax, says the bulk of the 60,000 Southeast Asians who came to Canadamostly in 1979 and 1980—have done "surprisingly well." When the feds announced Ottawa would match private sponsor-

THE REGION

ships, individuals and groups rushed to help the boat people through the innovative refugee program. The sponsorships lasted a year, although many refugees were self-sufficient before the year was up. The problem now is that, after that initial burst of enthusiasm, Atlantic Canadians are showing little interest in private sponsorship, even though refugees are continuing to trickle into the region. Anne Ottow of the Moncton Multicultural Society says that two years ago everybody wanted to do something for the refu-

gees; now she can't find volunteers to help two newly arrived families learn English.

Language remains the biggest problem for many of the immigrants. "After two years, 80% of them have to bring an interpreter with them [to the immigration office]," says Roger Lambe, a St. John's immigration official. The children, of course, pick up English quickly. But the language barrier is especially difficult for the elderly and mothers who stay at home, because they have few opportunities to practise English.

Some employers go out of their way to help solve the language problem. Ru Kim, a telephone repairman in Vietnam, looked unsuccessfully for similar work in New Glasgow, N.S., before landing a job in the shipping and receiving section of a machine parts company. He had few chances to practise English on the job, so his employer arranged private lessons and then transferred him to the order desk, where he must deal with customers.

In addition to a lack of English, many immigrants arrived without professional documents, and are therefore stuck in poor-paying jobs. One Southeast Asian doctor in St. John's who served the wounded on the battlefields of Vietnam, now washes test tubes in a Memorial University laboratory. "It's an incredible adjustment," Lambe says.

After the immigrants have been in Canada a year, they may apply for social assistance, but many are reluctant to do that. "These people are proud," Lambe says. Hung Ly has a full-time job at the United Cotton Mills in St. John's and moonlights as a bartender. But rent for his three-bedroom townhouse has tripled in two years, and he can barely feed his family of three preschoolers. Aubrey Goulding of Paradise, Nfld., one of the Ly family's sponsors, maintains that governments are failing to live up to their responsibilities to the immigrants. The Lys, for example, are facing "very, very tough times," Goulding says, but governments won't help until there's a real crisis.

uang Dong Hynhn, his wife, Lanh, and their four children were the first government-sponsored refugees to arrive in Moncton. Luang says the feds started ignoring the family as soon as he found a minimum-wage job in a local restaurant, and continued to deny responsibility for them even after he was laid off a few months later. Luang was finally able to work out his job problems. A friend helped the family buy a small takeout restaurant in Rexton, N.B.

Despite hardships for refugees trying desperately to adjust to a new country and a strange culture, sponsors and government officials throughout the region can recount many success stories. Bruce Garrity of Charlottetown, who helped sponsor a family of nine, says both parents and the two oldest children are all working. "Don't ask me how these four found jobs and so many thousand Islanders can't," Garrity says. "Perhaps it's just that they are prepared to take any job, no



Do you have space to organize?

If so, you should consider the open plan office systems. Attractive, individual components enable you to organize office space to suit your particular needs. And they give you the flexibility to re-organize your space as situations demand. All at a price that is more cost-effective than conventional methods.

Open plan office systems fit in well with our philosophy at Seaman-Cross. For 45 years we've made a business supplying our customers with attractive, top quality office furnishings suited to their specific needs.

If you're trying to organize new office space, or considering a change in your present office furnishings, drop in and see us at Seaman-Cross.

Interior Designers and Suppliers of Furniture, Drapery, Carpet and Business Machines for Business Environments.

Seaman Cross Newfoundland Limited 46 Pippy Place St. John's, Newfoundland Telephone 709 753 1250



Seaman Cross Limited 46 Wright Avenue Dartmouth, Nova Scotia Telephone 902 469 8190

Put your savings out to work



You work hard for your money; make it work hard for you. That's the whole idea behind the Multiplier — our daily interest savings account.

The Multiplier earns money every day on every dollar in your account and pays interest every fourth Friday, 13 times a year. So your interest starts earning interest. There's no minimum balance requirement; no strings of any kind...and four free cheques per month.

Talk to the people at Nova Scotia Savings about the Multiplier. After all we've been helping savers get the most for their money since 1850.



NOVA SCOTIA SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY

Head Office: 1645 Granville Street Halifax, Nova Scotia B3J 2T3 Phone (902) 423-1181

Members Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation

Introducing The Audi Card.



As an Audi owner...
for the first three years
all you are likely to pay for
is fuel.

No charge for maintenance

No charge for repairs

No charge for emergency service

In fact, under normal operation, if you conscientiously follow prescribed maintenance and inspections, The Audi Card will take care of virtually everything.

The Audi Card.
Probably the most important standard feature ever included in an automobile.

Available with all 1982 Audi models. See us for complete details.



Saint John Brookville Motors (1979) Ltd 633 Rothesay Ave 696-7000

Fredericton Capital Motors Limited 9 Prospect St. West 455-1350 St. John's Atlantic Motors Limited Beclin Industrial Park, Topsail Blvd Mount Pearl 368-2162

Halifax Hillcrest Volkswagen (1979) Ltd. 3154 Robie St. 453-2790

THE REGION

matter how poor the hours, how low the pay or how menial the work." Garrity estimates the family has a combined income of close to \$30,000. In the past year, they paid cash for a new car and made a down payment on a new bungalow.

Tuyen Ha found a job three days after he and his wife, Binh Phan, arrived in Dartmouth. Tuyen now works in a metalwork plant and Binh as a chambermaid at a Halifax hotel. The couple recently bought a new bungalow in a Dartmouth subdivision and there's a shiny new Buick in the driveway. "After two years, we have everything," Binh says, smiling.

Some younger immigrants are also making their mark. Duong Lam got the bronze medal for good marks in the marine electrical course at the College of Fisheries in St. John's. Two Southeast Asian students who wrote a computer data exam at the city's College of Trades and Technology scored the highest marks recorded in six years

Garrity and others argue there's still a need for volunteers to help refugees. But interest has dwindled, he says, partly because refugees have become stale news. And perhaps, he adds half-jokingly, some sponsors are a little disappointed. "We had expected them to be starving, helpless and desperate. As it was, one of them was plump, another arrived with a radio, and from the outset they were very independent."

The sponsorship program now

COMIDS COMIDS Insight

Anne Murray: Home for an hour-long CBS television special

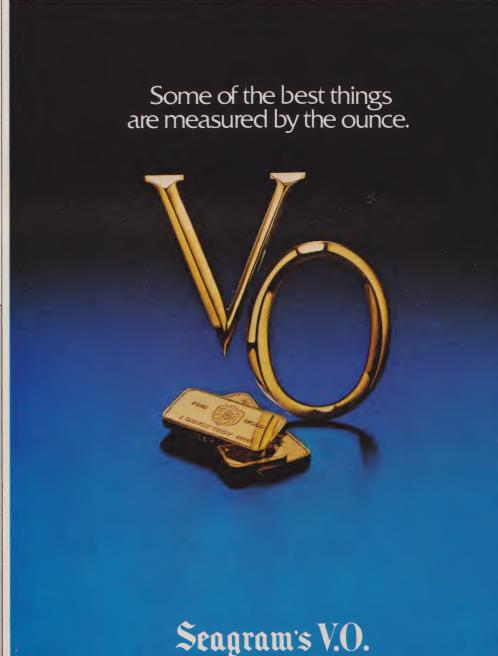
Las Vegas: U.S. capital of gambling and girls

Special Report: Herbicide spraying across the region

focuses mostly on reuniting families. Binh Phan and Tuyen Ha of Dartmouth, for example, are sponsoring five members of Binh's family now in a Malaysian refugee camp. And there are still a few active sponsorship groups. The Saint John Refugee Aid Association set up a task force of church leaders to look into the problems of "unattached minors"—children who may or may not be orphans—in the refugee camps. The task force has been trying to set up a program to place the children in foster homes in

New Brunswick. (Newfoundland's Department of Social Services already has placed 18 refugee children in Newfoundland foster homes.)

Throughout the region, there are still private citizens who, like the Vongs' friends in Cap Pelé, responded early to the call for help and maintain ties even after the official sponsorship period is over. "When there are problems," says Sara Sexton of St. John's, a key member of a church group of sponsors, "they fall back on us. You don't stop caring after a year."



Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky, Only V.O. is V.O.

WILLYOUR BANKER,



BROKER OR TRUST COMPANY MAKE HOUSE CALLS?

Will they help you fight inflation in your family room? Talk tax planning over coffee?
Frankly, with gasoline at about \$2 per gallon we don't think driving all over town to get financial advice makes any sense.

Nor does lining up during your lunch hour. Or discussing your money on the phone with someone you've never even seen.

That's why your Investors advisor comes to you.

You can talk to your Investors advisor wherever you want. At home. At the office. And he doesn't keep banker's hours. He keeps yours.

He can put at your fingertips the widest range of financial services available under one roof. Or in one briefcase.

one roof. Or in one briefcase.

Nine investment funds, all with

And something you may not find elsewhere: the planning expertise to help you put together a written, comprehensive personal financial blueprint. One which lets you choose the services that are best for you.

Not just to stay ahead of inflation and the tax bite, but to help you start enjoying the things you've always wanted.

Next time you're driving somewhere for financial advice, remember: your Investors advisor has more services under one roof than where you're going now.

And he'll buy his own gas.

To contact an Investors

advisor, just look in the phone book

under "Investors".

PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE



NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

Love thy neighbors? Not the First Baptist Church

The neighbors aren't too keen on it, either. Or on its school. St. John's, in short, has a small religious war on its hands

efore he gets into the Sunday morning sermon—before the lights are dimmed and he takes off his suit jacket and begins to talk (sometimes putting his mouth right up to the microphone so that his honeyand-sulphur voice booms out seductively), Pastor Murray Davis does something he says he's never done before. He brings politics into the pulpit.

"The Bible tells Christians to turn the other cheek, but it doesn't say what to do when they hit you in that one, too," Davis tells the assembled faithful. The First Baptist Church has been trading punches with St. John's city council over the church's use of its property, and Davis thinks the city is persecuting his parishioners for their fundamentalist, anti-secular beliefs.



Aggressive, charismatic and controversial

This fall, the city ordered the congregation to shut down its school, the only church-run private school in Newfoundland, because it violated zoning laws. In its latest blow, council ordered the church to grass over part of its new parking lot and find somewhere else to park the big blue buses that bring members of the congregation in to worship. Davis retaliates by asking church members to phone the mayor and councillors, tell them they are being unfair, and remind them of upcoming municipal elections. "You may want to witness them as well," Davis says, "but do it in a Christian way, friends."

It's doubtful the few hundred members of the First Baptist Church made much difference in the outcome

of last month's vote in St. John's, but their conflicts with city hall brought them more publicity than they would like. Built in 1957 by American service families stationed in St. John's, the church continued after the Americans left with only 50 or 60 members, until recently. With his wife, Linda, Davis arrived five years ago, a 26-year-old Maine-born evangelist, graduate of the Baptist Bible College of Springfield, Mo., whose most famous son is Jerry Falwell, leader of the ultra-conservative Moral Majority movement in the U.S. Like Falwell, Davis is aggressive, outspoken, strangely charismatic and controversial.

In his first pastoral position, Davis brought a whole new style to the red brick church on Portugal Cove Road. The First Baptist Church is completely autonomous now, not connected to any other church or organization. Davis says that members of the congregation—nearly 400 strong, and still growing—support the church by themselves. And the church is now what the pastor calls a "seven-day-a-week ministry." Besides three services each week, there are children's church, Sunday school for the whole family, Bible studies, prayer meetings, teen and youth activities, young couples' programs, choir practice, a deaf ministry, summer camp, dial-a-devotion, a summertime drive-in church at a city shopping mall, and the First Baptist Institute for pastors-in-training (men only), with classes in everything from church music to advanced sermonwriting. When they graduate, the young preachers will start up new churches. Church members call this their "baby works.'

To make room for all this, the church has added an extension, enlarged the parking lot, engaged more buses and taken over the two-storey house next door. It used to be the parsonage, but Davis and his wife have moved into an apartment building.

"Not all who call themselves Baptists," says choir director Russell Harpur, a physician and head of student health services at Memorial University, "are prepared to put legs on their prayers." The neighbors, however,

would prefer a nice, quiet, once-aweek ministry that wasn't quite so vigorous about winning souls for Christ. Complaints to city hall led to no-parking signs, orders to trim back the parking lot and get rid of the buses. Davis sees it all as evidence of this world's inevitable decay. "Anything that's good is going to be fought today," he says.

Most contentious has been the Baptists' efforts to set up a day school for children. Most churches in Newfoundland are an integral part of the public school system, operating schools in partnership with government and with public funds. The only other private school is the company school in Churchill Falls, Labrador. In September, 40 children of all grades enrolled in the Baptist school, and classes began in the church extension, but the city threw them out because of zoning laws. While they don't believe in secular authority, the Baptists agreed (after losing their appeal) to move the school, but it took them two months to find someone who would rent them space. They finally found an abandoned machine shop outside the city.

The First Baptist Academy is "Bible-based and Christ-centred in all subjects," Harpur says. When he found out the regular schools were teaching evolution as fact, not theory, he was distressed and set to work to have the church educate his children. "As a Bible-believing Christian, I choose to believe in the more plausible theory of Creation," Harpur says. Pastor Davis puts it more bluntly: "Our Father who art in a coconut tree? No thanks."

To send his four children, aged seven to 13, to the school will cost Harpur close to \$3,000 a year. "Some church families have sold color TVs to pay their children's tuition," he says. "In some cases fathers have taken second jobs. This isn't just a glorified Sunday school. We mean business."

Opposed to humanism, secularism, materialism and permissivism, the Academy maintains conservative rules for dress and behavior and asks parents to agree to "Biblical discipline," citing among other verses Proverbs 23:13, 14 ("Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell"). The Schools Act permits corporal punishment, but news of the Academy's policy brought howls from the province's social workers, who were just about to launch a conference on child abuse. "If people say there are better ways to discipline a child," Davis says, "they're defying the God of the Bible. And that's dangerous business."

- Amy Zierler

SPERRY UNIVAC ANNOUNCES THE RETURN OF THE 16 HOUR WORK DAY.

Not for a minute does Sperry Univac want you to work 16 hours a day. But we can show you how you can do about 16 hours worth of work in your normal 8 hours. Or less.

With MAPPER.

MAPPER is an interactive, real-time, non-procedural data processing system that works in con-junction with a Sperry Univac 1100 computer.

Anyone can use MAPPER. With a few days training, you can get all the information you need to speed up reports, business projections, data analysis, and just about everything else for which computer data is used.

Because MAPPER vastly increases the number of people in your company who have direct access to your



computer's information, their productivity increases dramatically. Which is why we say that Sperry Univac is announcing the return of the 16 hour work day. Not in time. But in productivity. And we can prove it.

A wide spectrum of business and government organizations throughout the world are already using MAPPER to increase their productivity by leaps and bounds. What's more, they are willing to tell you how they did it—in the Sperry Univac "Reports from Business." Just fill out the coupon below or contact your nearest Sperry Univac office, and we will send you a copy. There's no obligation, but we have to warn you... it just might change the way you work. Forever.

itle` Address Dity		
City	itle	*
	Address	
D 10.1	City	
rovincePostal Code	rovince	Postal Code

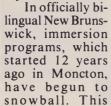
NEW BRUNSWICK

French immersion snowballs. **But so do the hassles**

The government believes in it. A lot of parents believe in it. So how come it's so tough to get the classes started?

ome days Charles Gallagher must feel like the owner of a chain of stores who advertises a sale without knowing whether his store managers will go along with it. Gallagher, New Brunswick Education minister, is a member of a government that encourages bilingualism and offers French immersion as the surest way for Englishspeaking children to attain it. But in three New Brunswick communities in two years, when parents showed up to cash in on immersion, school boards said the classes weren't available. In the ensuing uproar, the scene was always the same. Lined up on one side were furious parents, demanding

_α French immersion as a right; on the other, obstinate school officials, refusing it on practical grounds; and, in the middle, Gallagher, frantically trying to hammer out a compromise while both sides reproached him.





Joan McCluskey

year, province-wide enrolment in French immersion jumped to 7,060 from 5,500 last year. (The English school population is about 100,000; the French, 50,000.)

Gallagher's officials expect immersion enrolment to level off at 12,000 to 15,000 students. "But if the sky's the limit," he says, "we've got to provide it." This year, in fact, the government toughened up its immersion policy, no longer leaving it up to school boards to decide whether to provide the classes. As of July 1, a board must set up an immersion class if enough parents request it. More parents are demanding immersion programs for their children, partly because they know bilingualism is an asset in finding a job.

But there have been snags.

A recent example was in Chatham. Last year, at the suggestion of district superintendent William Sweezey, the school board set up a Grade 7 immersion class, composed of children who had attended St. Michael's Elementary School. Conveniently, this enabled Sweezey's daughter to attend. Two non-St. Michael's students were also allowed in, one of them the child of the St. Michael's principal. But this spring, when Roland Thériault and 26 other parents informed Sweezey they planned to enrol their children in Grade 7 in the fall, Sweezey said there would be no Grade 7, only a Grade 8 for the children already enrolled. The school board backed Sweezey.

The parents then went to the top. Thériault says he gave up 10 days of his summer holidays to attend meetings in Fredericton with Gallagher, Premier Richard Hatfield and opposition MLAs. And it appeared that the premier was on the parents' side. At one point, Thériault says, Hatfield asked Gallagher: "How can you let the school board in Chatham defy your policy like that?"

Gallagher's response to the tug-ofwar was to promise a Grade 7 immersion class in 1982, plus a Grade 8 class for the Thériault group. When that failed to pacify the parents, Hatfield appointed Saint John educator G. Forbes Eliot to study the problem. The school board maintains it hadn't had time to set up the Grade 7 class this fall because it hadn't received the names of interested parents until July. Thériault and John Kerr, a pro-immersion board member, insist parents began to request the class last winter.

By late October, the Chatham controversy was still unresolved. In the meantime, Sweezey believes that if anyone deserves credit for promoting immersion in Chatham, it's the school board. In 1978, the board tried to launch an immersion program, but only 16 parents—an insufficient number—registered their children for the Grade 1 class. This time, the board decided to tap one elementary school for a pilot project, evaluate it and later offer immersion to the district at large. "There was no interest at all in the

district in immersion," Sweezey says. "I've been trying to create some.

Also unresolved is an immersion fight in Grand Falls that prompted a parents' boycott of the schools and the resignation of most school board members. It started this year when the English-speaking parents of 125 children who were enrolled in the district's French system demanded French immersion classes in Grades 2 to 6 in the

new English system.

Joan McCluskey, one of the parents, says English-speaking parents had for years enrolled their children in French schools for "brute immersion." Ironically, her group wanted their children in the French immersion program so they could learn better English. "In the French system," she explains, "English is taught as a second language. The children receive more English in immersion. It was perfect." When the school board agreed only to set up Grades 1 and 7 immersion classes—with Grades 2 to 6 to be added in subsequent years—the McCluskey group kept their children home. Then came the board resignations. The Education minister sped to the scene. As a peacemaker, however, he bombed out.

The parents' version of their meeting with Gallagher is that he agreed to set up a special, temporary Grades-2to-6 immersion program to begin in October. Gallagher's version is that he made no firm commitment; back in his office, he realized he couldn't set up the extra classes because other boards would want similar treatment. McCluskey's oldest child now is in French immersion. But her other two children are back in the French school system.

The controversy that prompted the Hatfield government to make immersion classes mandatory on request occurred last year in Sackville. Susan Purdy of Sackville, director of the N.B. branch of Canadian Parents for French, a national organization promoting immersion, says parents of 50 children asked for Grade 1 immersion. The school board set up one Grade 1 class, limited to 25 students, but refused to establish a second. During 1980, Purdy says, parents hounded the board for months for a second class. Then just before school opened in the fall, the board met, approved the second class, and resigned en masse.

The Sackville story, at least, has a happy ending. The children have gone to Grade 2 immersion, and Purdy says, "There have been no problems." All that's left up in the air is the question in everyone's mind: What was all the fuss about? — Jon Everett



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Watch out, Conservatives. Here comes the Ghiz kid

The new Liberal leader is a sharp Charlottetown lawyer but he's picked a few potatoes, too. He's "not your average politician"

he first time Joe Ghiz ran for political office, in his high school days in Charlottetown, he shrewdly deduced that his best chance of winning lay in flaunting what set him apart from the rest of the herd: His size 12½ feet and his prominent nose. His campaign posters featured a sketch of his face in profile, the outline of his shoe and the slogan, "Vote for the man with the forward look and the solid foundation."

It may not have been Joe Ghiz's big feet that won that Queen Charlotte High School election, but that early political exercise at least gave him practice in the art of turning supposed liabilities into assets. Twenty years later, Prince Edward Island's new Liberal leader is still the kind of person who'd stand out in any Island crowd. As a Liberal party employee notes, Ghiz is "not your average politician." The question is whether Ghiz's image and style will work for or against the Liberals as they gear up for an election that may well take place by spring.

Ghiz, 36, elected party leader in October in a 2 to 1 vote over interim party leader Gilbert Clements—is a bubbly, exuberant, garrulous man with arresting dark eyes. He's a kind of fox terrier personality, given to fingerjabbing, arm-waving and fist-slamming oratory. In a province where it's still as important for a politician to talk about the crops over a kitchen table as it is to appear in slick television ads, Ghiz has a taint of the city sharpy. A senior partner in Charlottetown's most prominent law firm, he graduated from Dalhousie Law School in 1969, obtained a master's degree in law from Harvard University, served as a Crown prosecutor and a criminal lawyer, represented the Island government in several federal cases. In short, he's one of the province's best lawyers.

His most obvious liability is that he has no seat in the legislature (the Conservatives hold 22 seats; the Liberals, 10), and there are no vacancies. And throughout the Liberal leadership campaign this fall, a strong but unspoken issue was Ghiz's Lebanese background in a predominantly Scottish-Irish-English province in which

the last five premiers have been a Matheson, a Shaw, two Campbells, a Maclean. When Liberal MLAs from western P.E.I. started their draft-Ghiz campaign in September, in fact, Ghiz at first declined to run partly on the grounds that his background would be too great a liability. Now he says: "I am an Islander and a Canadian. That's the magic of this country. The reason for its success is that it's made up of people with tolerance, and a mixture that creates cultural diversity and understanding." West Prince MLA Robert Campbell, one of Ghiz's most fervent supporters, insists Island voters are really quite open minded. "We have people here from everywhere," Campbell says. Forgetting a few Islanders for the moment, he adds, "We're all good Christian people.'

Working to Ghiz's advantage is the fact that he's a fresh face who, at the same time, has been around the Liberal party backrooms since 1970. He was president of the provincial party in 1978-79 and federal campaign chairman in the 1979 election. He also has close personal and professional ties with prominent Conservatives: His wife, Rose Ellen, is the daughter of retired Montague businessman Doug McGowan, a former Conservative MLA; Ghiz's law partners include Alan Scales, for years the Island's major Tory fund raiser, and John McQuaid, the provincial Tory president.

And Ghiz maintains that he has much in common with the Island's working-class voters. Growing up in Charlottetown, he worked afternoons and evenings in his parents' corner gorcery store and worked his way through college. "I've been aboard a good many lobster boats and had the pleasure of eating the small ones [lobsters] on the high seas," he says. "It's impossible to grow up on P.E.I. without a knowledge of the fishing and farming industries. I've picked potatoes, and attended lots of barn dances."

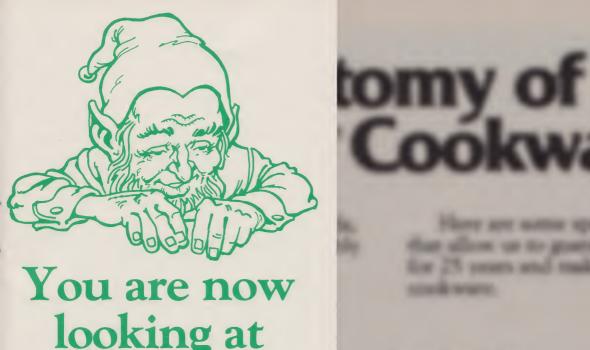
Recently, he's been toning down his razzle-dazzle public style, cutting back on the flamboyant platform gestures, softening the political rhetoric. His private life is that of a small-town family man: He's a member of the Anglican Church, lives in an antiquefilled Victorian home close to downtown, walks home to lunch, spends a lot of time with his wife and sevenyear-old son, Robert, golfs a bit, summers at a cottage in Montague.

Despite his reputation for aggressiveness, he started out in his new, \$19,500-a-year job by promising that rank-and-file Liberals will direct party policy. Days after the leadership convention, he started to hold caucus meetings and plan both a party policy convention and a tour of the province.



Ghiz: Bubbly, exuberant, garrulous

The Tories don't have to call an election for another two years. But Ghiz and his supporters insist that the new Tory premier—elected at a leadership convention in November to succeed Angus MacLean—is obligated to seek a new mandate from voters as soon as possible. Whenever the election takes place, the Liberals say, they'll be ready. "We're biting at the bit for a general election," Robert Campbell says. "We've picked a good man. He's one of us. He'll be our next premier."



You are now looking at the perfect Christmas gift for so many people on your list!

(Including you!)

Fanna World

Class Condenses.

_





Anatomy of Paderno Cookware.*

In our plant in Atlantic Canada, we believe that we produce possibly the finest cookware available anywhere in the world.

Here are some specific features that allow us to guarantee Paderno for 25 years and make us world class cookware.



NOVA SCOTIA

What next, Alexa?

Decimated in Cape Breton, resurgent in Halifax, the provincial NDP worries about its tricky future. The chief worrier is leader Alexa McDonough

fter his defeat in the fall provincial election, former Cape Breton Centre MLA James (Buddy) McEachern glumly surveyed the recent history of Nova Scotia's New Democratic Party. In February, 1980, Rev. Andy Hogan lost the NDP's only Nova Scotia seat in Parliament. Eight months later, party leader Jeremy Akerman took a \$45,000-a-year job with the Buchanan government. Months of internecine warfare led to the expulsion of longtime Akerman sidekick Paul MacEwan, the bombastic MLA for Cape Breton Nova. Last December, in a by election to fill Akerman's seat, the party scored a sickly 28% of the vote. Finally, in the October election, the NDP's traditional Cape Breton stronghold was annihilated. "One thing after another," McEachern said. "What a horrible three years."

For all these tribulations, McEachern gamely professes optimism about the party's future. "People ask me, 'Is it the end of an era?' My answer is: 'It's the beginning of an era.' "The slender thread on which this confidence hangs is the party's strong showing on the mainland, where its popular vote soared and party leader Alexa McDonough finally accomplished the party's decades-old goal of winning a

mainland seat.

The discrepancy between the NDP's mainland surge and its Cape Breton collapse was the biggest story to come out of John Buchanan's re-election romp. Indeed, it was a principal cause of the Tory sweep. On the island, NDP deserters fled en masse to the Tories, who took seven of 11 Cape Breton seats (compared with none in 1978). On the mainland, NDP converts came almost exclusively from Liberal ranks, assuring the Tories an easy ride.

In Halifax, the NDP outpolled the Liberals, and in the 14 Metro ridings. the party took more than a quarter of the vote. Pockets of similar strength showed up in Kings County and Digby's Clare Municipality although in the working-class wards of Pictou and New Glasgow, where the party once threatened to win, its vote waned.

The Cape Breton decline, although widely predicted, was surprising in its severity. For the first time, the party took a smaller vote in Cape Breton

(15%) than on the mainland (19%). Cape Breton North MLA Len Arsenault placed an anemic third, and in Akerman's old seat the NDP vote slumped to 18%. Meanwhile, Mac-Ewan, the party's nemesis, scored his highest vote ever, while the NDP candidate in his riding polled an appalling 173 votes—the lowest in the province. Only McEachern escaped humiliation. His 2,823 votes might have been enough to win except that a Liberal collapse assured victory for Tory Mike Laffin, a former MLA ousted by McEachern seven years earlier.



McDonough denies party split

Party strategists naturally view the Cape Breton results as a momentary setback, explainable by Akerman's ungracious departure and the Mac-Ewan affray. They stress the NDP's mainland gains. Bob Levy, a former party president who ran second in Kings North, says that with an all-time low of 33% of the vote, the Liberals are "in danger of becoming a third party." Liberal strategists who might be expected to scoff at such claims give them a surprising degree of credence. Talking of the NDP surge, Liberal Vince MacLean of Cape Breton South says, "At the moment I see it as a temporary aberration but one that, if not combated over the next three years, could cause us severe difficulty."

McDonough's most immediate problem in consolidating NDP gains is the party's probable loss of official status—worth about \$100,000 a year in research salaries and office space. Nova Scotia's requirements for party status (10% of the vote and two MLAs) are among the toughest in Canada. In New Brunswick, for example, the NDP enjoys provincial funding without ever having won a seat. Because the NDP surge hurt the Liberals and helped the Tories, Buchanan may be tempted to

waive the requirements.

Overcoming the party's crushing defeat in Cape Breton promises to be more difficult. McDonough, a millionaire's daughter, has not personally bombed with working-class Cape Breton voters as some predicted she would. But her constant denials of a mainland-Cape Breton split in the party show little appreciation of the central problem in any province-wide NDP strategy: What works with the party's mainland supporters does not necessarily work with the very different breed of NDP-ers who inhabit Cape Breton. In Cape Breton West, for example, a riding the party nearly won with an undistinguished plodder in 1978, the NDP nominated Elizabeth Walsh, an outspoken feminist lawyer known for unstinting work on behalf of left-of-centre causes. Although typical of the type of candidate who did well for the NDP on the mainland, Walsh bombed in Cape Breton West, barely retaining her deposit with 19% of the vote. By contrast, the unbashedly working-class McEachern, never taken very seriously by mainland NDPers, came within 349 votes of winning.

Part of McDonough's problem may be that some of her strongest mainland supporters weren't all that sorry to see the party's Cape Breton seats slip away. Three days before the election, when told the NDP might lose all its Cape Breton seats, a party stalwart replied, "That may not be such a bad thing in the long run." McDonough rejects this sentiment and insists it's not a strong force within the party. "I am heartbroken about [the results in] Cape Breton. I know that our supporters in Cape Breton are the people who really understand in their gut what democratic socialism is all about. They are the soul of the NDP.'

As McDonough said this, over lunch in a trendy health-food restaurant near her office, the restaurant proprietor approached to congratulate her on winning Halifax Chebucto.

"If there was anyone I wanted to win, it was you," the neatly dressed young man said. "You lost those seats in Cape Breton, but"—he paused-"they were always sort of fractious up there." Parker Barss Donham



Captain Morgan White. COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



SPECIAL



A place of peace, and pride—and more than 200 years of history

Must Preston die?

Not if its people have a say. They feel their unique black community, on the edge of a looming Halifax-Dartmouth, is under seige; and that if they don't fight back, it'll follow Africville into oblivion. So they're fighting back

By Stephen Kimber reston, N.S., is Canada's oldest, surviving, indigenous black community, but waves of white suburbia now threaten to drown it and to sweep aside a people who are the custodians of more than two centuries of unique history. Preston no longer stretches for miles across what the first Haligonians called "the barrens." Instead, it is being inexorably squeezed

by the outward expansion of nearby Dartmouth on the one side and, on the other, by the burgeoning of such bedroom communities as Lake Echo and Porters Lake.

"Back in the 1800s," Joyce Ross angrily explains, 'you would have found the sign that says you're entering Preston where the Dartmouth rotary is now." Ross is director of the East Preston Day Care

born and raised here. She'll tell you it's

the finest place God has created for raising children, but she deeply resents what the years and the white man's insatiable hunger for land have done to it. "Since the 1800s," she continues, "all that land was stolen, you might as well say, from our people. The boundaries of East Preston keep getting moved back. Today, the place only exists from the first black house on the



Centre. She was Lions Club: Cal Ruck, Matthew Thomas, William Colley, George Colley, Al Saunders

road to the last black house."

Dartmouth spills out beyond the Dartmouth rotary and down the recently modernized and widened Highway 107, past the shopping centres and the outlets that promise fast everything from food to "fotos," past the discount lumber stores and the no-frills supermarkets, past the bungalows, and the subdivisions with names like Forest Hills, and the trailer courts with no names, pushing aside what used to be sweet countryside on its mission to modernization.

Then there's a short, sudden stretch of undeveloped and seemingly misplaced terrain on either side of the highway. It's just before, and just after, the turnoff signs for Cherry Brook, North Preston, and East Preston (the

> three black communities that are usually lumped together as "Preston"). Beyond that patch of raw country, even more and even newer bedroom communities creep across the land.

"I liken the situation to a cancer cell," Wayne Adams says. "We haven't got a cure for it but we can at least treat it, keep it from spreading." Adams, Preston's representative on Halifax County Council, is talking about a new community development plan that might yet prove to be a legislative "treatment" for the cancer. After a five-year struggle, the Nova Scotia legislature passed the plan this spring.

This community, no question, is poorer than most. Its houses range from many thrown-together shacks with tacked-on additions to a few split-



Adams: Another Africville?



Skeir: Money hasn't solved the problems

level jobs with all the conveniences. Whatever their condition, however, the houses all seem to have plenty of rocky property, and some have cows and chickens in the backyards. Preston is not exactly a town. It's a collection of roads that spoke off from what passes for a main street. It has no real business district, no industry, post office, government building, or even a schoolhouse. It does have a church

and a Centennial recreation centre, however, and if you'd dropped in at the rec centre one recent Saturday night you might have been struck by how very much Preston resembles a small town after all.

The ladies of the local Lionettes are celebrating the first anniversary of the presentation of their club's international charter, and everyone who's anyone in the community is there. The teen-agers from the church choir serve the haddock, potato, carrots and string beans that the ladies of the church cooked up. The minister bestows the Grace of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost on both the food and the 70-odd Lionettes, their husbands, friends and neighbors. Later, the Lionette of the Year is tearfully grateful, the teen-aged winner of the first annual Speak-out contest nervously thanks his mother's friends for choosing him for such an honor, and the Lionette's retiring Queen Lioness predicts good things for "the truly wonderful group of ladies it has been my pleasure to work with this past year." Then everyone pitches in to fold the tables and stack the chairs so the dancing can finally begin.

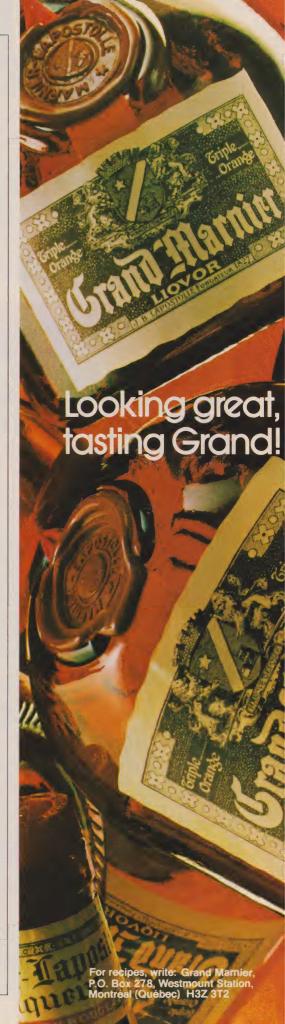
The evening, in short, is much like hundreds of similar events across Atlantic Canada. With one significant difference. Here, the faces are all black.

Can this really be Preston?

Isn't it true, after all, that truck drivers trying to do nothing more than drive their rigs through Preston are pelted with rocks and bottles by local hooligans? And isn't it true as well that Dartmouth taxi drivers refuse to take fares to Preston because they know they'll never get paid? Isn't it also a fact—perhaps the most frightening fact of all—that the RCMP won't go near the place, not even to answer a call for help?

Maybe, maybe not. But Preston, even today, has a reputation as a kind of black Appalachia, a place where "revenuers" and police and white boys from the city are not welcome.

"Nervous now?" Matthew Thomas asks with a laugh. He's chairman of the East Preston Ratepayers' Association, King Lion of the East Preston Lions Club, husband of the East Preston Lionettes' retiring Queen Lioness, pillar of the East Preston United Church. He knows what people say about Preston; and most of it, he says, just isn't true. Thomas says there was only one rockthrowing incident, for example, and that Rev. Donald Skeir, pastor of the local church, quickly called a meeting to deal with it, and to admonish parents to "know where your kids are and what they're doing all the time." Taxis? Well most Preston people own their own cars. They don't even use taxis.



SPECIAL REPORT

What about the RCMP? Thomas says the people of Preston themselves have often complained about inadequate police protection in their communities.

Thomas is surprisingly tolerant of the fact that most outsiders carry distorted images of the place he calls home. There's plenty of evidence that they do. When Wayne Adams, then a black radio journalist, moved to Preston from the predominantly white Halifax suburb of Fairview in 1973, a white radio-station colleague stayed with him briefly. The colleague's city

friends were afraid to visit him. Even today, Adams, now a provincial civil servant, says some of his white friends ask if it's safe to visit.

That image is one reason the local men's group decided to join the Lions organization five years ago. "We wanted to break down the stigma that people outside have always had about us," Thomas explains. "We became involved with the Lions and now we have visitors from all over the province who come to our meetings and functions. They see us and our community

as it really is." He adds with a bemused smile, "A lot of them are surprised when they discover we're just ordinary folks here."

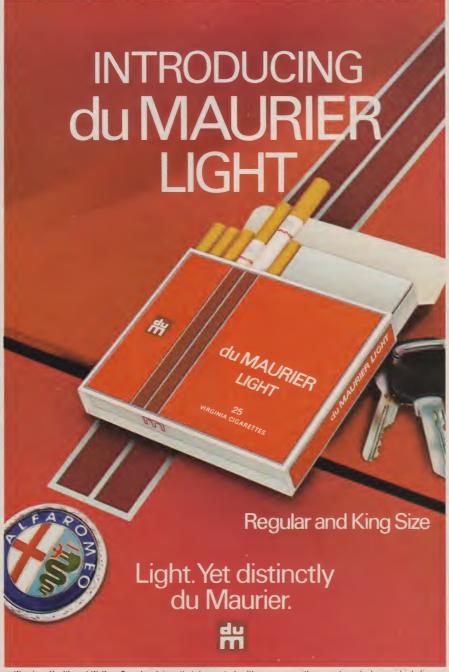
Like almost everyone in Preston, however, Thomas is ambivalent about the community's relationship to the world around it. He's not so much worried that the world won't like what it sees, but that it will. That brings us back to Preston's fight for survival.

he battle began in 1977 when Halifax County officials turned down East Preston resident Marvin Riley's application to build a garage in his backyard. The building inspector explained that Dartmouth had asked the county to enforce an old and previously ignored bylaw which prohibited new construction in the area because it might damage the city's nearby water supply system. Many were convinced Dartmouth really just wanted to squeeze out Preston's residents so the city could use the land for its own development. When the county turned down seven more building-permit applications for Preston, angry residents formed a committee to fight for their traditional property rights. Although they won the initial battle—the bylaw was soon repealed—many realized for the first time just how fragile Preston's future was.

Almost no one in Preston, for example, had clear title to his land. It had simply been passed informally from generation to generation. Now, however, buyers from Dartmouth, as well as speculators and developers, were picking up large parcels of it. Wherever they turned, Preston residents found what they saw as efforts to



Joyce Ross at day care centre



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.

Av. per cigarette: King Size: 11 mg "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine. Regular: 9 mg "tar", 0.9 mg nicotine.

destroy their community. Mortgage companies wouldn't lend them money. Two lenders had turned down Adams' mortgage application when he moved to Preston; they claimed he would be living too far outside the city limits. "But I could drive past Preston to Lake Echo and see all kinds of new homes going up in there," Adams says. "Those people could get mortgages."

Residents were also fighting to prevent the county school board from going ahead with its plan to close down their local school and build a new one in a nearby white community instead. Education has long been an issue in Preston. The almost totally black Partridge River elementary school in East Preston always seemed to get what Thomas calls "the crumbs." He says, "The teaching staff wasn't qualified, the supplies weren't as good as those in white schools and the facilities were lacking generally."

But when the school board decided to replace it with a new school, Adams says, "it was clear they didn't want to put it in Preston." Joyce Ross, who served on the save-the-school committee, says the board told them there wasn't enough land for a school in East Preston: "But that was bullshit, excuse my language. They'd come out and say, 'We have to have five acres of land for a school,' and then, when we found five acres, they'd say they needed 10 and when we found 10, they'd still say it wasn't good enough." The school was finally built on the border between East Preston and Lake Echo. Preston students must now go to school by bus. Although many residents, even some who fought for a Preston location, now support the integrated school because "the school board won't ignore the whites when they ask for things"— Joyce Ross still gets angry about it.



She's still angry about new school



Dave B. Connor, Plant Manager Fiberglas Canada Ltd., Moncton

Don R. Murray, Sales Representative CN Rail, Moncton

In the pink.

Fiberglas Canada Ltd., of Moncton, New Brunswick counts on CN Rail to deliver its insulation in boxcars shipped to North Sydney and ferried to Port Aux Basques.

The cars are then transferred onto special narrow-gauge-wheel trucks to match tracks in Newfoundland. Result: Efficient, reliable deliveries to once inaccessible markets.

"We want to get involved in your business."





Richard Schambier, Transport Administrator Sidbec-Feruni Inc., Montréal, Québec

J.M. Demers, Sales Officer CN Rail, Montréal, Québec

The big squeeze.

Cost-efficient transportation of crushed auto bodies for recycling by Sidbec-Feruni of Contrecoeur, Québec is now a reality. By working with CN Rail, they developed a new loading method which increased the capacity of gondola cars by 50%. Result: Economical handling of crushed car bodies by rail.

"We want to get involved in your business."



Wrap up your Christmas shopping

Forget the last-minute rush! Take a minute now. Pick out 3 (or more) worthy people and gift them with Insight. Remember, you save \$2.00 each on 3 or more gift subscriptions.

See page 69

"What they were saying to me when they did that was that my community

wasn't good enough."

That point may have been made even more graphically, Wayne Adams says, when trichinosis was discovered recently in some Preston-raised hogs. Federal inspectors, it turned out, had known that the disease was present in the hogs for a decade but hadn't bothered to tell Preston people. They also knew, Adams says, that people in the community were eating pork from the animals. "They didn't worry about it much," he charges, "because, after all, it was only Preston." Eventually he wrung not only an apology out of federal officials but also provincial funding to hire local rodent-control officers (rats are the main carriers of trichinosis) to prevent future outbreaks. Still, he's far from satisfied: "To get anything done in Preston, you have to yell loudly and a lot. Governments don't listen otherwise."

The development plan that the legislature finally passed last spring may change that. It is supposed to give



Preston fights odds, builds for future

Preston's residents a say in any future development of their area. "Without it," Adams says, "I don't think Preston could survive for long." But he adds that it's only a first step. "We have to keep treating the cancer because if we let it go for a minute, it will take over

and destroy us."

That may help explain why Adams, when invited to do a television interview about Preston recently, asked that the interview take place in what used to be Africville, a tightly knit black community on the outskirts of Halifax that was bulldozed out of existence in the mid-1960s. "It took Preston people a minute or two when they saw the interview," Adams says. "They'd ask

me, 'Was that really Africville behind you?' And I'd say yes and they'd look at me and then they'd say 'Oh yeh, right.' People got the point."

"The point," adds Brian Johnson, a black Dartmouth city policeman who was born and still lives in the Cherry Brook part of Preston, "is that we don't want our little communities to turn into cities. We don't want another Colby Village [a nearby suburban subdivision] here. What we want is to keep our identity."

For most of the nearly 200 years since Jan. 20, 1786, when the British Crown granted 730 acres of land in what is now the Prestons to John Wisdom and Edward King—among the first black Loyalists to arrive in Halifax following the American Revolution—whites paid scant attention to Preston. Even today, Rev. Donald Skeir, the community's pastor for 29 years and also its unofficial historian, says not much is known about Preston's history except that black people have lived here since the 18th century.

Most of the first black Loyalists, however, as well as 600 Maroons (Jamaican blacks who arrived in 1796 and lived in Preston while helping construct the fortifications at Citadel Hill) soon traded in Preston's rocky, unproductive soil and Nova Scotia's harsh climate for a better life in Sierra Leone, Africa. Preston's current residents are believed to be mainly descendants of slaves who escaped from the U.S. South during the American Civil War.

"Through the first half of the 1800s, the various settlers in the area seem to have had an extremely good lifestyle," notes one report. "Social gatherings were common occurrences and quite gala affairs. The estates were well kept and prospered." No one seems quite sure what happened during that next 100 years, but by 1956, Maclean's magazine was calling Preston the "most depressed area in Canada." In a bold headline, it asked, "Would you change the lives of these people?"

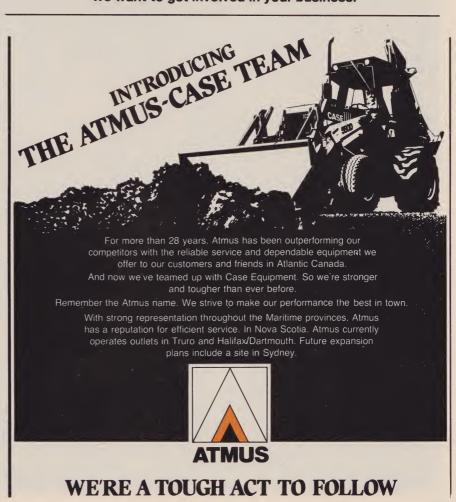
The controversial article by Edna Staebler transformed Preston overnight from a poor but barely visible black community into a national cause célèbre. Staebler, better known today as the author of several books on Mennonite cooking, spent five days in North Preston and then wrote that the community was "almost as obscure and sinister as a village in an African jungle....The houses were small, inexpertly built, covered with tar paper, asbestos siding, old weathered boards, whitewashed shingles....At a weathered, boarded house that looked as if it had been often expanded, I saw some ragged pickaninnies eating the parings and cuttings of vegetables from



Netting a big one.

Canada's largest fish processor, National Sea Products Ltd., of Halifax, Nova Scotia relies on CN Rail to handle distribution of their frozen fish. From their plant in Lunenberg, the fish moves in refrigerated trailers to markets in Western Canada. Result: Steady supply of nutritious products for consumers across Canada.

"We want to get involved in your business."



a carton on the ground by the door.....The boys' clothes had many patches, rips, holes, and zippers that wouldn't stay closed....l entered a couple of the dozens of jungle-like paths that formed a network of shortcuts from one road to another or ran into the barrens. But I turned back because they were littered with excrement....The school is too small....Classes are staggered to let 200 come to school for half of each day...but there still is no room for 125 children between the ages of seven and 13.

The article appalled almost everyone in Preston. "It was so unfair," Joyce Ross recalls. "The community took her in and talked to her and then she went back and imitated our language and tried to embarrass us in front of the whole world." Some, however, believe the Maclean's article ultimately helped Preston. "That story embarrassed the federal and provincial governments into finally taking notice of our problems," Rev. Skeir says. "The federal minister came down here after that, and then they started putting

large sums of money in here. Now, there's hardly a year goes by when there isn't some sort of grant or program for upgrading, for employment, for housing.

Skeir is quick to admit, however, that the money hasn't solved Preston's problems or assured its future. There are a few small businesses in the community, but no industry. Young blacks, especially the educated ones, find there are no jobs for them in Preston, where unemployment sometimes tops 60% of the workforce. "We've lost a lot of our educated young people to places like Toronto," Skeir says, "and they don't come back.

The population is declining. A report in 1964 estimated there were 3,700 blacks in Preston. By 1979, another study suggested that fewer than 2,500 people still lived there, and projected the population could drop to 1,500 by the year 2000 if nothing was done.

Wayne Adams wants plenty of things done. He wants the provincial government to buy back or expropriate Preston land now in the hands of absentee landowners, and turn it over to a community development corporation which could then use it to help develop local industries such as a hog raising and slaughtering co-op, or small factories. Adams says, "We've got to have a period of special compensation to catch up commercially."

So far, however, government hasn't listened. The community applied last year under a federal program to provide funds for areas that have experienced years of continuing economic deprivation. "We had a fine proposal, with volumes of back-up stuff and all kinds of expertise involved," Adams remembers. "I talked to people in the government who said it was the best proposal they'd seen." Despite that, however, the only Nova Scotia project approved was in Richmond County, which also happens to be in federal Finance Minister Allan MacEachen's constituency. "That was the most frustrating experience of my whole political career," Adams says.

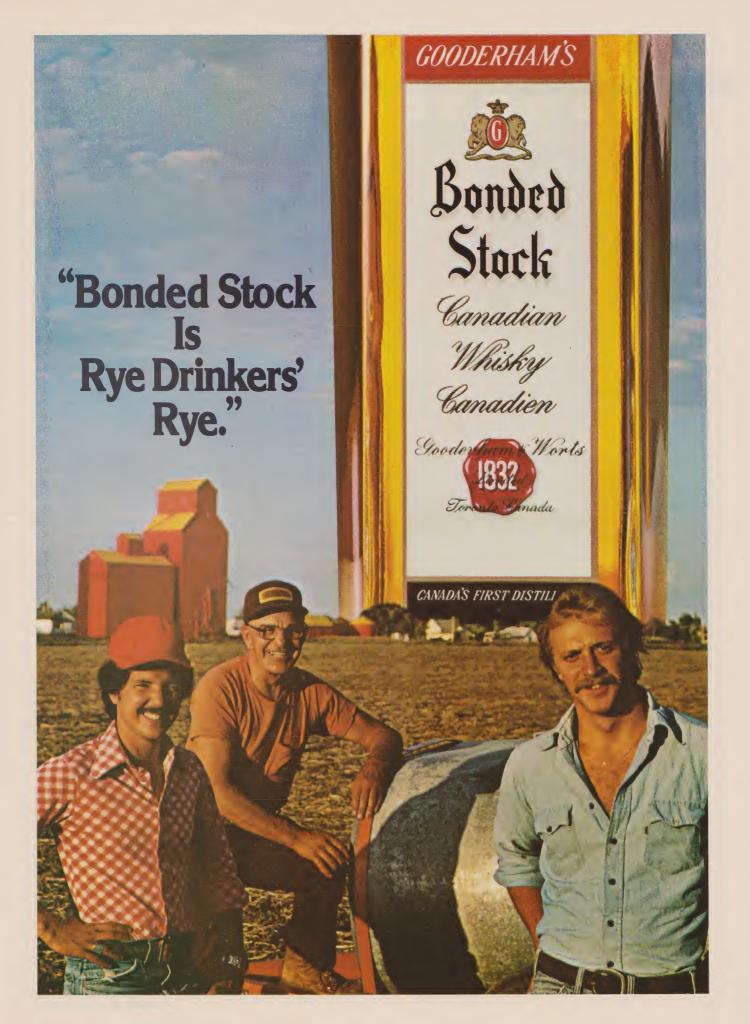
What makes Adams so angry is that he's convinced Preston doesn't have much time left. "We managed to put the brakes on Dartmouth's expansion for a while with the development plan," he says, "but we can't sit back on our laurels now. Dartmouth is going to keep looking at Preston and if they think we aren't doing anything to develop the land ourselves, they'll come after us again. And you know where that could lead?'

Africville?





(X



FOLKS



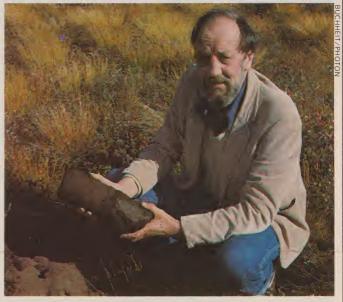
Weaver Christine Scott: Images from Psalm 65

or years, Saint John weaver Christine Scott's workmade of fleece, flax, jute, leather and pine cones—had an earthy quality. Two years ago, she decided that a weaving she made for a Christmas exhibit should also suggest heaven. "I thought how beautiful the earth-tones were," she says. "I called it 'The Earth Is the Lord's.' "That idea evolved into her one-woman exhibit this fall at the New Brunswick Museum: Called "Shouts of Joy," it consists of 15 images from Psalm 65. Scott says she decided to make the show an affirmation of faith. "I chose Psalm 65 because I found in it 15 images, just the number I'd need." These images (for example, "The meadows are dressed in flocks" and "The valleys are clothed in wheat") are in abstract form in 12 richly colored wall hangings and three fibre sculptures. While Scott spent 40 to 100 hours on each piece, a friend moved in to help care for her three preschool children. Members of her church congregation paid part of the \$6,000 in costs. Her weavings have sold briskly, and "Shouts of Joy" appears to be another hit. The weavings go at a rate of \$525 to \$1,500 each, and the museum has offered Scott another solo show and an Atlantic region tour.

The four years Mike Martin spent as town manager of Labrador City were not the happiest of his life, but the administrative experience he picked up has paid off. He's in Ottawa now as general manager of the Inuit Broadcasting Corporation (IBC), the first Inuktutuk-language television network to broadcast across the Canadian north. Martin was born in Cartwright, Labrador, left when he was 16, spent nine years in the army and a decade in St.

John's as a freelance journalist and broadcaster. In 1972 he "fell into politics" as a candidate for the short-lived New Labrador Party and became the first native Labradorian to sit in the House of Assembly. The financial burden of political life forced him to quit for a high-paying job in Labrador City. Establishing IBC is "a challenge," he says. The network's mandate is to carry Inuktutuk-language programming into every Inuit community. Much of its programming will come from local Inuit communications societies, such as the one now getting under way in Nain. IBC has been broadcasting on a small scale for three years. Now the government has approved it as a supplement to the CBC's Northern Service. Martin says IBC should be back on the air as a private broadcasting company by Jan. 1, 1982.

Bill Moores of St. John's, Nfld., a former navy man, boxer and seller of chicken franchises, turned inventor when he got the rights to manufacture a peat-burning stove. Then he discovered no one was making the peat-fuel logs needed to run the stove at its best. "Canada has 36% of the world's peat deposits, and I had to send to Ireland to get some peat briquets to test my stove," he says. There's plenty of peat around: Newfoundland alone has more than 7,000 square miles of bog that could produce 8.5 billion tons of dry peat. Drying it out so it will burn is the problem. The ages-old wood that makes up peat is 90% water, and it's a stubborn sponge. Moores won't give away his trade secrets, but he says he's found a common, inexpensive, natural chemical which, when cooked up with wet peat, releases the bonds that hold in the water. The rest of his process uses ordinary mechanical means to suck and squeeze the peat dry, roll it into logs and seal the logs in waterproof jackets. He says he can do all this, and make a profit, for \$30 a ton or 15 cents for a 10-pound log. At that price, Moores figures, you could heat a three-bedroom bungalow for about \$200 a year. With \$30,000 from the National Research Council (NRC) to fine-tune his invention, Moores says he could be in production within a year. All he needs now is the OK from the provincial government to mine a peat bog. "This office would not be supporting him," says Gordon Cross, NRC's technical adviser in Newfoundland, "if we didn't think he had a damn good chance."



Moores: Turning peat into cheap heat

The television commercial shows two teen-agers in a boxing ring, attacked by a gang of villains representing the pressures on young people—alcohol, drugs, schoolwork, family, sex, other teen-agers. The hero and heroine fight back, and, in the end, emerge from the ring, stronger and unscathed. The ad, produced by CHSJ-TV in Saint John, is a slick, 30-second spot, and if it strikes a responsive note with New Brunswick teen-agers, it's no accident. The idea for the ad comes from Grade 9 students at Miramichi Rural School in Black River, northeast of Chatham. They submitted the best of 50 ideas for commercials in a contest for ninth graders sponsored by the provincial branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association. (CMHA). Branch executive director Ken Ross, who dreamed up the contest, says the CMHA tries to reach out to teen-agers with problems, but found that the usual school essay contests weren't much help. "Only about 20% of the students were participating, and these were not the ones we wanted to reach, the ones under stress," he says. Ross's new, improved formula has provoked so much interest among New Brunswick students, he's added a French-language contest this year.

hen David Doiron of Charlottetown says he loves lobster, you have to take him seriously: He ate 28½ of them in one hour. The occasion was a lobster-eating contest at Stanhope Beach Lodge on the North Shore, sponsored and filmed by a Japanese television crew for a program to be shown to about 10 million viewers in Japan. "I got sick right after," says Doiron, a 35-year-old car salesman. "But it was good fun." Doiron, a portly fivefoot-10 at 230 pounds, says his preparation for the feast consisted of skipping lunch. "I had started eating an egg McMuffin for lunch, but a friend took it away." The 10 contestants, who consumed a total of 210 pounds of lobsters, had to eat all the meat in each lobster except for the small legs. Doiron, using only hands and teeth, ate a lobster a minute for the first 10 minutes, then slowed down when he saw he was well ahead of the runner-up, who downed 27. Doiron's prize? Brunch, the next day, of quiche Lorraine, champagne and—naturally—an eightpound lobster.

Sometimes kids try to tear his whiskers off, and once an eight-year-old boy called him "a stupid, old bugger." But Merville (Ace) Mailman of Kentville, N.S., still loves to play Santa Claus; this year marks his 20th season in the role. At 62, he's been a cab driver and a meat cutter, and now works as a commissionaire two days a week. But from late November to Christmas Eve, Ace works seven to eight hours a day visiting schools, hospitals and stores, handing out candy, cheering the sick and distributing gift food certificates. Wearing his own mohair Santa suit, he makes his rounds in a red, 1978 Buick. Each Christmas Eve he visits a local senior citizens' home. One of his favorite Christmas Eve memories is of the time an elderly lady noticed that he'd forgotten his white gloves. On his next visit, she presented him with a pair of home-made, red and white mitts to match his suit. Ace says he'll play Santa "for as long as I'm able." His family doesn't mind. His wife, Margaret, has played Mrs. Claus with him on a few occasions, and he's a convincing Santa to his own grandchildren.

ifty years ago, Christmas baking supplies for Morrison's general store in St. Peter's, N.S., arrived on schooners that tied up in the harbor nearby. Today the Christmas goodies come by truck, but little else has changed at the store, a fixture in this Cape Breton community for 100 years. William Daniel Morrison, 94, is still president of the

family company, still reporting to work every day. His customers walk on oiled wood floors in a quiet, homey shop where there are neither beeping cash registers nor bright lights. Morrison recently marked his store's centennial with a sale on items such as axe handles, work shirts and nails sold in bins. Morrison, whose father, Alex, opened the original store across the street, started working in the store at age 16. He expanded the business, dabbled in real estate and pulpwood, opened and closed a branch of the store at Stirling. It's still a family business: Two of W.D.'s children, Kay and Alex, help out in the shop, although they're getting ready to retire. Despite the old-time atmosphere of Morrison's store, W.D. doesn't really mind changing with the times. "I get what's in demand," he says.



Jenkins and his friendly giant, Laddie

hat's some pig," people tell P.E.I. hog farmer **Lloyd** Jenkins when they come face to face with Bonnie Islay Lad. And that's some understatement. Laddie recently weighed in at 1,036 pounds and is still growing. Jenkins, who lives in Lower Montague, believes Laddie may be the biggest pig in North America. Jenkins bought the fouryear-old boar four years ago at the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto. "I didn't think he would ever get that big," he says. "I saw his parents, but they didn't seem to be any larger than usual." Laddie is of the Lacombe variety, a distinctive Canadian breed developed in Alberta and known for its ability to gain weight in a short time. Normal size for a Lacombe boar is about 700 pounds. As a herd sire, Laddie has fathered about three-quarters of Jenkins' 180-hog herd. He follows no special diet—just the usual gallon a day of sow ration, a mixture of crushed grains and raw proteins. But he's grown so big, his nine-foot-long frame barely allows him to fit into a normal-size horse trailer. And Jenkins can't show Laddie at fairs because there's no class for his size. Laddie's a friendly giant, though. "He's as docile as can be," Jenkins says.

TRAVEL



A taste of old Quebec. M-m-m

The cuisine in North America's only truly French city is international. And good. Very good

By Robert Stewart once had a job that took me fairly regularly to Quebec City, and it always felt like playing hooky. Not that I didn't work hard enough, but for an enthusiastic eater and drinker like myself, ranging around this gastronomical Mecca at company expense was a slightly guilty thrill. Especially in midwinter, when Quebec offered an escape from the malaise that comes over most Canadian cities after the Christmas holidays. While my colleagues were fighting off the blues and the flu in the suburbs, I was living it up in Quebec.

The usual winter slump in service to visitors and in things to do never occurs here. On the contrary, the place seems to thrive on ice, snow and those piercing winds that whistle through the narrow streets. Crowds will gather on a Sunday afternoon on the main

drag of rue St-Jean at -20, strolling and chatting as if it were a mild day in April. Taking the chill out of your bones by slipping in and out of snug little cafés is a favorite pastime. Quebec's two main social preoccupations both have a cold-weather motif: Hockey and wining and dining on rich, body-suffusing food.

No wonder, then, that the event of the year in la veille capitale is the father and mother of all winter carnivals. Originally a Mardi Gras intended to provide one last blowout before the fasting of Lent, the Quebec Carnival is no longer a movable feast, being held Feb. 5 to 15 every year. But neither the fixed dates nor the sub-arctic climate make it any less restrained than its famous counterparts in New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro. The local archbishop once warned his flock against lapsing into paganism and debauchery

Living it up in "a gastronomical Mecca"

during the pre-Lenten celebrations. In the manner of *les Québécois*, everyone listened respectfully, then proceeded to do just that.

Virtually anything goes at this riproaring bacchanalia, thanks to another old Quebec custom known as la tolérance. Not taken too seriously at any time, the liquor laws are entirely ignored. The police turn a practised blind eye to anything short of outright mayhem. With hundreds of thousands of roistering strangers in constant motion within the confines of the old walled city—an estimated half-million over the duration—the charge of disturbing the peace has to be forgotten. There is no peace, night or day, to be disturbed.

Your typical carnival merrymaker is a character with a toque on his head, a colorful *habitant* sash around his middle, a long, red, plastic horn in one hand and a fat, white, plastic cane in the other. The horn he toots incessantly as he moves along with the human tide—it gives out an indescribable blast. The hollow cane holds up to a dozen ounces of booze, usually *caribou*, a devastating concoction of cheap wine

and whisky blanc, an unflavored grain alcohol. And oh yes, your typical carnival merrymaker (who now breaks into a spirited chorus of "Alouette") may very well come from Saint John or Toronto or Kingston, Ont.

The carnival gives English Canadians a chance literally to rub shoulders with their French-speaking compatriots. Anglophone visitors soon discover that the French are not all separatist ogres—separatist, maybe; ogres, no. They also find that there is one thing that les Québécois instinctively know better than any other. And that is how to have one hell of a good time.

Although Quebec during the carnival is no place for prudes or teetotallers, I wouldn't want to leave the impression that boozing and the associated shenanigans are all there is to it. The revelry is punctuated with brilliant

parades, dances, bonfires, old-time fiddling contests and the like. There are tournaments for just about every winter and indoor sport known to man, and some that are not known except at the carnival: Golf and stock-car racing in the snow, windsurfing on ice and the celebrated boat race across the ice pans of the St. Lawrence. To clear away the cobwebs after a hard night of celebrating, you can always enter the 10-km foot race. It's sponsored by Alka Seltzer, ap-

al Snow Sculpture Competition grew out of the local practice of fashioning statues of snow to decorate the streets for the occasion. The competition draws national teams from such unlikely places as China, Mexico and Morocco, who set out to prove that if you can sculpt in any stone or plaster, you can sculpt in snow. Their huge and highly original creations blend in nicely with the massive snow palace in Parc de l'Esplanade. There, the snowmanlike figure of *Bonhomme Carnaval* presides over the whole affair like a pagan god.

In my book, the Quebec Carnival is something that everybody should experience at least once. Having done so—once—I carefully avoided it on my latest winter sojourn in Quebec City. The trouble with it is that the crowds get in the way of enjoying all the place has to offer. The hotels, bars

and nightclubs are jammed, and you are lucky to get a table in any of the better restaurants unless you have reserved at least a week in advance.

So I waited until the week after the carnival and then checked into the Château Frontenac. With Hilton, Loew's and Auberge des Gouverneurs all running first-class hotels nearby, the Château is no longer the only game in town. But Quebec remains the only city I know of that is dominated by a hotel—so much so that the jokers of the Rhinoceros Party once ran in a provincial election on a platform of erecting a giant mirror on the Lévis side of the river so that Quebec residents could get a good frontal view of the Château. In Quebec, all roads seem to lead to this best-known of all Canadian hostelries.

Perched spectacularly 200 feet

propriately enough. Toboggan races: Quebec has tournaments for "every winter sport known to man"

above the St. Lawrence, the Château was designed by New York architect Bruce Price, Emily Post's father. It was opened in 1893, and retains much of the elegance and grandeur of the belle époque—and, one suspects, some of the plumbing as well. We got a good-sized double room on the 16th floor for \$60 a day, not bad compared with the \$75-and-up you now pay in Montreal and Toronto, but a stiff price for what the Château has to offer vis-à-vis its newer local competitors. It is a CP hotel, and Canadian Pacific didn't get as rich as it is by being needlessly munificent. The Château cheaps out in such ways as supplying thin little bars of soap, and towels so threadbare they aren't worth stealing. The breakfast buffet is skimpy to boot.

In the hotel were a lot of skiers from the States, a reminder that some of the best skiing in eastern North America is within a 40-km radius of town at Mont Ste-Anne, Lac Beauport and Stoneham. At the Château, winter sports are no farther away than the back door. You can rent skates in the hotel to use on its skating rink on Dufferin Terrace, the gracious Victorian boardwalk overlooking the St. Lawrence. Toboggans are also available to slide down the hotel's glissade from a dizzying point just below the Citadel.

A wave of unseasonably warm weather had killed the skating and sliding when we were there, but the mild spell made it quite comfortable to ride around in one of the squadron of horse-drawn calèches parked just outside of the hotel.

To call Quebec City "unique" is to use a cliché, but it is unavoidable. Even the master wordsmith Charles Dickens

> grould think of no better way of des-cribing it: "The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of North America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall."

Riding in a calèche here is like being in an open-air time capsule. As you listen to the clip-clop of the hoofs and look out at row upon row of 18th-century houses, it is easy to feel that you've slipped back into the distant past. As we rounded the great stone battlements, the friendly driver reminded us that Quebec, founded in 1608, is the oldest functioning city in Canada, older than many cities in Europe. It is the only walled city left in North America outside of Mexico.

But what makes Quebec one of a kind is not so much its well-preserved oldness as the fact that it is the only real French-speaking city on the continent. Despite the best efforts of recent Quebec governments to gallicize it, Montreal is a vast cosmopolitan hodge-podge in which French is merely the most common of the numerous languages spoken. Places like Trois-

TRAVEL

Rivières, Sherbrooke and Chicoutimi may be overwhelmingly French, but they are not cities in the full sense of the term.

Quebec functions entirely in French, and it has everything it takes to qualify as a city: A large population (approximately 550,000 in the metropolitan area), universities, live theatres, pro sports, a symphony orchestra, museums, a zoo, an aquarium. It is a capital city, but it is saved from being another government town like Ottawa by the fact that it is a major manufacturing centre and port. It is more a cultural than a political capital. For here, French Canada lives in all its vitality and color, from the oldest church to the newest boutique.

The French fact in Quebec City needn't bother the average Englishspeaking tourist. Commercial establishments of all kinds in the city proper are used to dealing with anglophone rue St-Stanislas.

Quebec City is also the place to go for distinctly Québécois cuisine, the hearty fare that emerged from the arduous living conditions of the early settlers. We had dinner at one of the several restaurants that specialize in indigenous food, Aux Anciens Canadiens on rue St-Louis, charmingly situated in a house built in 1675. My companion had hare stewed in apple cider, and I had duck in maple syrup, which turned out to have a surprisingly subtle flavor. The portions were gargantuan. Next time I'll reluctantly pass up the splendid homemade soup and bread.

Quebec must have more really good restaurants per capita than anywhere else in North America. Among the ones I can vouch for first-hand are le Continental on rue St-Louis, Café de la Paix on rue des Jardins, and the lively Au Chalet Suisse on rue Stsalade Niçoise at Café la Siesta on the same street for \$3.75.

Accommodation needn't be expensive, either. Almost alone among Canadian cities, Quebec is amply equipped with comfortable and respectable small hotels along the lines of European pensions, many of them in converted homes. Prices for single rooms in winter range as low as \$10 a day, sans private bathroom. You can get a really elegant room with a magnificent view of the river at Château de la Terrasse for \$30 daily. The cheerful bilingual staff at the provincial tourist office on Place d' Armes should be able to place you if you don't care to stay in the big pricey hotels.

As for things to do, just filling yourself in on Quebec's storied history could keep you busy for days. The Plains of Abraham are within easy walking distance of the central part of town; while on this hallowed ground

you can visit le Musée de Ouébec. which has an outstanding collection of art, traditional handcrafts, and historic relics such as Montcalm's battle flag. Montcalm's skull, along with a host of other interesting artifacts, can be viewed in the Ursuline Convent Museum on rue Donnaconna. A starting point for any historical excursion is the Diorama Show at Musée du Fort on the rue du Fort. It outlines the eight sieges of Quebec which culminated



The snow palace in Parc de l'Esplanade: If you can sculpt in stone, you can sculpt in snow

visitors, and, while they appreciate any effort you make to speak their language, the residents in general try to communicate with you in English if

they can.

As the travel ads used to say, Quebec is foreign but not too foreign. It strikes a nice balance between North American comfort and efficiency and European quality and délicatesse. Quebec has more of a European air than its big multicultural cousin upriver. For instance, you would look long in Montreal for a restaurant that serves wild boar or partridge, but several places in Quebec feature these continental standbys. I had a memorable meal of wild boar cutlets in red wine sauce at the excellent Danté on

Anne, where meals can be ordered until 2 a.m.

For a homogeneous French-speaking city, Quebec is remarkably cosmopolitan in its tastes. Some of the best restaurants around are Italian, there's a better-than-average run of Chinese places, a Greek taverna, a Spanish bar, and even a Japanese steak house. Since French haute cuisine tends to be a bit rich both physically and financially (dinner for two with a bottle of decent wine at the Danté came to \$70 with tip), it is reassuring to know that there's no lack of pleasant spots that serve plainer food at relatively low prices. We had a very tasty Gaspé salmon quiche at Café le Rétro on rue St-Jean for \$4.25, and an excellent

in the British victory in 1759.

At night, the piano bars, discos and nightclubs cater to a wide range of tastes. We chose to see the great jazz pianist Teddy Wilson play at le Jazze on Place Royale. In the charming art deco piano bar in the Hotel Clarendon, a chanteuse belted out popular French and Québécois numbers in the best gallic tradition. A raucous singalong in French was in progress at le Grenadier on rue St-Anne.

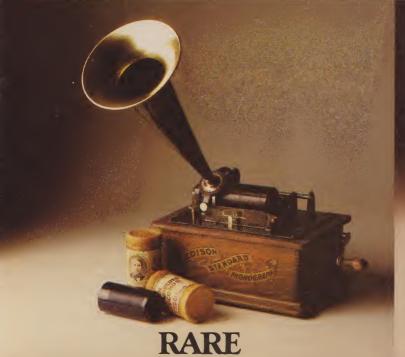
That's Quebec City—a place that manages to be vibrantly alive while respectfully preserving its history. You never get the feeling that you're in a museum. It is an unself-conscious blend of the old world and the new. It's unique.



RARE



RARE

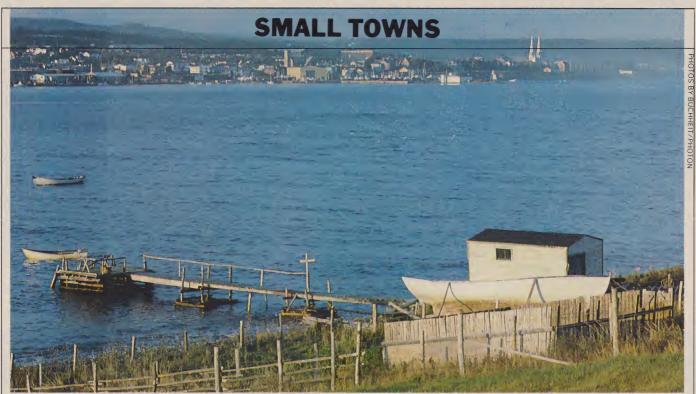




RARE

Rare taste. It's made
J&B famous around the
world for over a
hundred years and the
most popular Scotch
in North America today.
Seek it.





Harbour Grace: A great port, but not enough fish

Harbour Grace, Nfld.

The French, Spanish and Portuguese came here hundreds of years ago to develop the fishery. Some say the fishery is still the community's future. That question remains to be answered for a town that has turned up at the darkest and brightest moments of Newfoundland history

By Amy Zierler ive maps hang on the boardroom walls at Ocean Harvesters Limited in Harbour Grace—maps of the world and of Newfoundland, charts of the Labrador coast, the Grand Banks, the waters of Harbour Grace. Alec Moores, general manager and part owner of Ocean Harvesters Ltd., was born in Black Head, a tiny place about 32 km farther north along the Conception Bay coast from Harbour Grace. Thirty years in the fish business have taken him well beyond the waters of Harbour Grace and Newfoundland and Labrador. But Harbour Grace is the centre of Alec Moores's universe.

"Easton[of whom more later] may have only been a pirate, but the reason he came into Harbour Grace was that it was a good harbor," Moores says. "Canada has a great asset in Harbour Grace."

Moores speaks with a certain defiance. Business has not been good. The sprawling, white fish plant, which covers three blocks of Water Street and can freeze 100 tons of fish a day, has only a skeleton crew working to process a few thousand pounds of herring, all the fish that has arrived in days. By the time you read this, Moores will have closed the plant for the winter, not to reopen it until April. Last summer, people could even say they missed the smell of fishmeal being made. The accustomed stench of prosperity was reduced to a whiff on a sea breeze.

It was the same all over the island this year. The fish didn't come inshore, and inshore plants, such as the one in Harbour Grace, can no longer get licences to take offshore fish. "Basically most inshore plants in Newfoundland are bleeding to death," Moores says. Canada doesn't seem to appreciate the asset it has in Harbour Grace. Moores ticks off the things which make Harbour Grace a great port, the perfect place for a booming fish business—deep water, services, people, land. "We have everything but the fish," he says, "and the fish we are denied."

The harbor being constant, fish has been the variable behind Harbour Grace's fortunes and failures. Yet, although a handful of small boats still fish from there as they always have, Harbour Grace is not a fishing town. In Newfoundland, where the company side of the fishing industry is known

simply as "the trade," Harbour Grace is a trade town. You can tell by the grand old homes with names like Rothesay and The Maples that face the harbor along Water Street, and by the stately trees and long, low stone walls that mark where more grand old homes used to be. For nearly four centuries Harbour Grace has packed fish—first salt cod, then salmon, herring, mackerel, cod oil, seal oil, whale oil.

In the best times, the mid-1800s, when each year the company wharfs handled more than a million quintals of fish, and local coopers turned out 50,000 barrels to ship the fish overseas, Newfoundland called Harbour Grace its second city. The population swelled to 7,000, and innovative manufacturers turned cod skins into a product called Liquid Fish Glue, guaranteed to "mend anything except a broken heart."

In bad years, companies failed, and relief was cornmeal and molasses. Like a portent of the post-war collapse of the saltfish trade, fire levelled the waterfront in 1944. Within five years S.W. Moores, whose son, Frank Duff, later became Newfoundland's second premier, had built the fish plant at Harbour Grace, one of the first four freezer plants in Newfoundland. Alec Moores (no relation) went to work there. "It's not a tired, old town," he says now. "It's vibrant. There is a future here."

Old, yes. It's almost 500 years since French explorers named the generous, hill-rimmed harbor after a town (now Le Havre) at the mouth of the River Seine. And Harbour Grace is thick with history. Take that Easton fellow Moores mentioned. That's Peter Easton, an English-born pirate of the high seas who based his New World activities in Harbour Grace for a few years. In 1610, he fortified a broad, high bank with an excellent view out the harbor mouth. In an early example of Newfoundlanders leaving home to find work, he lured hundreds of fishermen into his crews. Surely there was a better living to be had in sacking Spanish treasure ships in the Caribbean than in hauling nets off Bay de Verde. Easton's authority in the area was such that John Guy, who was just establishing the first official colony at nearby Cupids, left 15 tons of precious salt in his care one winter. The Harbour Grace Historical Society honors Easton by flying his stark, black ensign on the site of his fort. A plaque on the trim, brick-and-granite custom house, built on the bank two and a half centuries later (it's now the Conception Bay Museum), says James I twice pardoned the pirate admiral and invited him home, but Easton "retired instead to southern France where he became Marquis of Savoy and lived in great splendor." Other distinguished Harbour Gracians, such as Sir Thomas Roddick, a pioneering surgeon and Canadian politician, also get their due. But any town that celebrates its origins in piracy has certainly got spunk.

Harbour Grace turns up at the darkest and brightest moments of Newfoundland history. Political-religious antagonism between Roman Catholic Liberals and Protestant Conservatives. within Harbour Grace and among neighboring towns and villages, exploded into riots at election time throughout the 19th century. Things got so bad in 1861 that, after a mob of 200 attacked a candidate (who prudently took it as his cue to drop out of the race), Premier Hugh Hoyles temporarily disenfranchised the district of Harbour Grace. When the vote was restored for a byelection six months later, a constable was killed in a fracas. Threats against another candidate's life and property forced him to resign, leaving the seat uncontested.

But the capping event was a bloody Christmas riot that became known simply as the Affray. One hundred Catholics from Riverhead, a village at the head of the harbor, confronted 400 members of the Loyal Orange Association taking part in their annual parade through Harbour Grace. Shots killed one Riverhead man and four Orangemen. Members of both sides were arrested and charged with murder, but no one was ever convicted because the same prejudices and tensions in-

fected the drawn-out trials. The Supreme Court in St. John's heard only two of the five murder charges: By the time it came to the third, they couldn't find enough unbiased people to form a jury. There are no monuments to the Affray in Harbour Grace, and chances are no one will mark its 100th anniversary, but Bill Parsons-a former town councillor, active community man and one of the founders of the museum in the old custom house says the bitter aftermath of the event spilled over into this century. "We're clear of it now," he says, "but it was a long time before the results of the Affray were gotten over."

Parsons would much rather talk about the brighter side of Harbour Grace's past, especially the airstrip that launched 20 pioneering transatlantic flights between 1927 and 1936.

aircraft company showed up looking for a place to launch an around-the-world flight. Parsons helped get the field restored—grassed over, fenced and properly plaqued—for its 50th anniversary. "You could land a 737 here, in an emergency," he says, showing off the runway to a visitor. "But don't print that. I don't know that it would get off again."

At a few spots around town—the courthouse (still in use), the stone office of an old mercantile firm (now the home of Senator Eric Cook), the churches, some perfect little saltbox houses—you can squint your eyes and imagine it is 1850 again. But for the most part, Harbour Grace has not pristinely preserved its glory days. It's less than half the size it was then, but today's 3,000 Harbour Gracians seem to need a lot more space than 7,000 did



Senator Cook's historic stone house, once a mercantile firm office

Parsons filed news reports and photographs to the Associated Press in New York for every flight. The copy went by wireless, but he had to drive to Whitbourne with the film from his box Brownie, wrapped in paper and string ("There was no Scotch tape in those days"). From there it was five days by train to New York. Parsons keeps his prized collection of photographs, including some of Amelia Earhart before her famous solo flight, on display in the museum. But the 4,000-foot-long airstrip is the pride of all Harbour Grace. "The government lent us a machine to clear it off," Parsons says, "but after that, men, women and children came in with rakes, shovels, buckets, anything they could find to pick the rocks out of it." The work got started when a fellow from a U.S.

a century ago, and much of the past has disappeared under pavement and new concrete foundations. At the corner where the Affray exploded, there's a service station and muffler shop, owned by Bill Parsons' son.

Some people find the weight of five centuries of significant events a little stifling. "There's other plusses of the town that are current, modern," says Paul Moriarty, 31, a town councillor and counsellor at the Canada Employment Centre on Harvey Street. Moriarty grew up in Harbour Grace, and he's built his house on the halfacre, council-serviced lot he bought in 1974 for \$3,000. It's in a spanking new area at the far end of town, called Alberta Drive, because the premier of Alberta cut the ribbon on it a few years ago. Moriarty's wife is from Carbonear,

SMALL TOWNS

the next town just the other side of Saddle Hill, and three of his six siblings also live in the immediate area, which is not a bad statistic for Newfoundland.

"If I had to move, if I lost my job, I guess I would move, but I wouldn't want to live anyplace else," Moriarty says. Before he got his job in Harbour Grace, he commuted to St. John's every day, 112 km each way. Commuting is a tradition in Harbour Grace, especially with universitytrained people and skilled tradesmen. "We had carpools long before the energy crisis," Moriarty says. His father worked 30 years for the U.S. forces at Argentia. The roads weren't as good then, so he came home only on weekends. Men who mined iron ore at Bell Island would come back by boat every Saturday night, Bill Parsons remembers. Those who went to the coal mines at Sydney got home less often. "More money would come through the post office in those days than was earned in town," he says. Today the cheques come in from Sarnia or Edmonton.

"We've got everything here," Moriarty says. "A curling club, stadium, tennis courts. A few nights ago we hopped in the car, drove to St. John's and went bar hopping. We stayed the night. Who wants to live in St. John's for that convenience and pay \$20,000

for a lot?"

Harbour Gracians working out west might well be wearing work boots made back home. Other than the fish plant, Terra Nova Shoes Ltd. is the only industry in town, and the shoemaking jobs are a lot more stable than the fish-processing ones. "We keep a low profile and just keep plugging away," says Albert Aleven, head of the family business. Aleven comes from a long line of Dutch shoemakers, and he bought the plant from the Newfoundland government 11 years ago. It was one of a string of factories that went up around Conception Bay as part of Smallwood's industrialization drive in the 1950s. A knitting mill in Brigus, a rubber boot plant in Holyrood, a tannery and glove factory in Carbonear, the shoe factory in Harbour Grace—none of them got off the ground. When Aleven took over the plant, it put out 50 pairs of shoes a day. Fire destroyed the plant in early December, 1974, but over Christmas dinner, the family decided to rebuild. Now Aleven's up to 1,600 pairs a day, 145 employees and—this swells chests in Harbour Grace—a branch plant in Ontario.

"I'd like to put Terra Nova Shoes up on a pedestal," Moriarty says. "I wish we had more small industries like them." But they don't, and unemployment is high. Bill Bowman, editor of *The Compass*, the biweekly newspaper of Conception Bay and Trinity Bay, sings a universal refrain: "It seems like people are always moving away, especially young people."

The superport was going to change all that, not just for Harbour Grace, but for many other towns from Clarke's Beach to Carbonear that melt into one another along Route 72. The superport (in consultants' language it was called a primary fish landing and distribution



Bill Parsons in museum's aviation room



Moores: He won't give up on the fishery

centre) was the provincial government's plan to bring hundreds of thousands of tons of cod and capelin and other fish into Harbour Grace, freeze it and store it in a huge central plant, and ship it to seasonal fish plants for more processing in their off season. It was a \$200-million plan, designed to cash in on the control over the fishery Canada gained with the 200-mile limit, and it was going to create 6,000 new jobs around the province, at least 1,000 of them in Harbour Grace. This was in 1978. The government bought hundreds of acres

of land on the less populated south side of the harbor, moved families and cut survey lines. "This place was whipped into a frenzy," Moriarty recalls. "The Ayatollah couldn't have done better. Still, people were skeptical." The next year, the government changed, the fishery began to sour, and the consultants' reports, six inches thick, were unceremoniously shelved.

Today the frenzy is over oil, although Harbour Grace is spared the worst of it. Harbour Grace didn't make the provincial government's shortlist of sites for offshore supply bases. Bay Roberts, 19 km away, did—under a proposal from former premier Frank Moores. He calls it Port Atlantis. Moriarty says, "People in Harbour Grace will still get jobs. Twelve miles? That's nothing." Under another company, Moores is developing housing lots above Alberta Drive. They've been

advertised at \$15,000 apiece.

Back at the fish plant, Alec Moores remains convinced Harbour Grace's best future is with fish, despite the problems he's seen. Moores and his brother, who runs a fish plant in Gloucester, Mass., and his brother-inlaw, a Harbour Grace building contractor, bought the plant 12 years ago when no one else wanted it. The original owners had sold out to the giant Unilever company of England, which later handed the business over to the Newfoundland government, which put it up for sale. The Moores family company, Ocean Harvesters, presented the only offer. Recently, the West German firm Nordsee, one of the largest integrated fish companies in the world, became interested in taking an equity position in Ocean Harvesters, but the Germans backed off after they heard Canada wouldn't license their trawlers to catch fish offshore and land it in Harbour Grace. "It would have been processed in Harbour Grace and exported as a product of Canada,' Moores says. "It would have meant 500 jobs here. If we can generate more cash flow for Canada by passing more fish through Harbour Grace, then Harbour Grace should have it." He isn't too keen on how unions have driven up the price of fish or how the government sets fish quotas, and he says the 200-mile limit "hasn't delivered to Harbour Grace what would fit in the palm of my hand." But Alec Moores is not about to give up now. "The French, the Spanish, the Portuguese came into Harbour Grace hundreds of years ago to develop the fishery," he says with a short laugh, "so we're right up to date." Harbour Grace is still modern—after all those years.





Create a lifetime of beautiful memories with one of Mappins most exquisite dinner rings. A marquise diamond and two baguettes highlight this cluster of diamonds set in 14 kt gold. \$2150.

Mappins

There are Mappins stores in major cities across Canada.

COVER STORY

"The most important realist painter of the Western World"

That's what a German newspaper called Alex Colville. He's also a small-town Tory who could pass as your bank manager, but don't let that fool you. "Of all the people alive in Atlantic Canada, he stands the best chance of amazing men and women centuries into the future"

By Harry Bruce ou meet on a jetliner, and you take him for an engineer, an architect, a surgeon or, since the aircraft is Ottawa-bound, somebody's assistant deputy minister. Yes, an administrator. He's wearing good British clothes. Nothing flashy, you understand, and nothing cheap. His hair is short, his hands immaculate, his words precise, his bearing faintly military, his body that of a man who knows it is a duty to look after oneself, his talk that of a man who knows it is a duty to contribute to society. Could he possibly be a clergyman? He refuses a cigarette, but he wants wine with dinner. Not the Canadian stuff, please, but the French or German.

Let us continue this plausible fantasy: He is decidedly not the sort to babble his life story to a stranger but the flight is long, he's laid aside his New Yorker, and you have not become what you are today without being good at drawing people out. You happen to be a notoriously shrewd businessman and, whatever this precise,

tweedy gent does for a living, he respects some tycoons. They intrigue him, and he becomes almost garrulous.

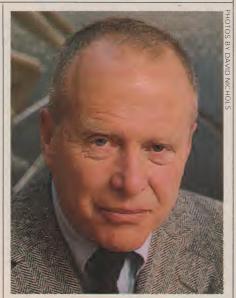
You learn he's been married to a small-town girl for 39 years; that they've raised four responsible children who are all out on their own; that he keeps dogs and cats; that he enjoys gardening. cutting grass with his John Deere lawn tractor, and washing his station wagon; that he dislikes cities, crowds, most modern art, and all special-interest lobbies; that he likes Canada's strong sense of order; that he believes some people are incorrigibly evil; and finally that he's a card-carrying Annapolis Valley Tory. He gives money to the Progressive Conservatives and his admiration for Robert Stanfield is as ample as his distaste for Pierre Trudeau. So he can't be an Ottawa mandarin. He is, in fact, the chancellor of Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Now you know.

But if that's all you know, after you've said goodbye in the Arrivals lobby, you've missed the essential fact



For the Colvilles, life's good in Wolfville. But the sweet, tragic message of his "Refrigerator" (facing page) may be that it's also short

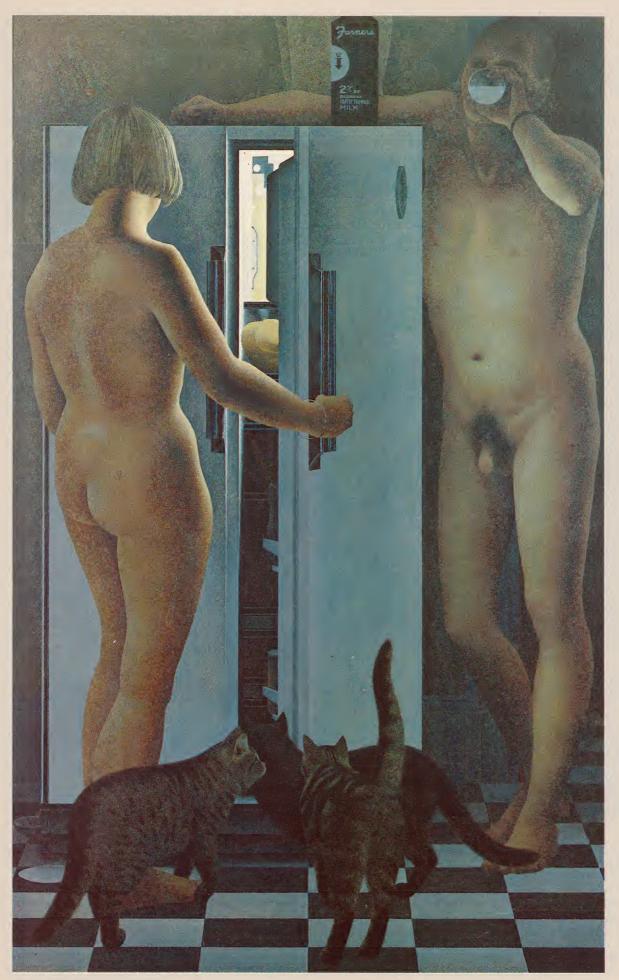


He's "dangerously close to God"

about Alex Colville: He survives by painting pictures. *Maclean's* has called him "the acknowledged dean of Canadian painters" but even that's feeble tribute compared to one critic's opinion that Colville is "the most important realist painter of the Western World." Eleven years have passed since British writer Terence Mullaly acclaimed Colville's first big exhibition in London as "a turning point in the history of art in the 20th century."

Since then, an entire art movement has struggled to catch up. Critic Virgil G. Hammock wrote, "Magazines and critics that until recently would not have been caught dead discussing realist art, now fall all over themselves in rapture over the 'new' realism or 'photo' realism. But one thing Colville is not, for sure, is 'new,' and he most certainly is not a 'photo' realist either." What he is, perhaps, is a great artist. Time will tell. Meanwhile, James Purdie, former art critic for The Globe and Mail, has announced, "Alex Colville is dangerously close to God. He has made life supreme. [In his work] life has triumphed over time and that must mean that somewhere, somehow, it will find a way to triumph over death."

And here you thought your seatmate was just a fellow whose curiously urbane manner disguised a closet redneck, the sort of chap that a small college in a Baptist valley might want as its figurehead. Nothing about him suggested that of all the people alive in Atlantic Canada, he stood the best chance of amazing men and women centuries into the future. How could you know he was a kind of living, breathing, wine-tasting Old Master? Oh well, as critic Michael Greenwood said after describing the improbability



COVER STORY

of certain eerie, glowing scenes that Colville has frozen in acrylic polymer emulsion, "Stranger things have happened."

Barring world destruction, it is not far-fetched to imagine an age in which the Joseph Howes, the John Diefenbakers and the René Lévesques will be obscure footnotes to history while the works of Alex Colville, like ancient Greek sculpture, will continue to disturb, to fascinate, to move men and women, and make them grimly ponder the meaning of their mortality. American theatre and dance executive Lincoln Kirstein, a notable art connoisseur, wrote, "While other artists are having emotions important to them, in public, on a large scale, by 'periods' of progress and with transparent and flashy agony, [a handful of painters such as Colville] will have been making individual panels

which may survive, and eventually enter and even stay in museums, which are in one breath the rapid absorbers of ephemeral prestige and the ultimate residue of value." Kirstein said that 23 years ago. Colville was 38. He's 61 now and what's awesome about him is that his spooky power never flags. Instead, he gets stronger. His current work is more riveting, more haunting than ever.

Some see deliberate Christian symbolism in Colville's work: That dog in the woman's arms at the airport is the Christ-child. Others see unimaginable, impending horror, not apocalypse now but apolcalypse in the next blink of an eye, in the next

sense a threat as evanescent as the gliding, ground shadow cast by a small cloud as it strokes the sun's face on a bright July noon. They can't put their finger on it. Still others confidently nail the danger down. Sol Littman, a writer in the Toronto Star, insisted Colville was "a powerful political painter. It is as if the CIA were engaged in a series of purges disguised to appear as innocent accidents.

The artist himself never disputes interpretations of his work (though he might be forgiven for raising his eyebrows at Littman's knowing assertion that his paintings have "the illumination that comes just before an assassin's bullet strikes between the eyes"). Colville has suggested that all he tries to do is preserve a perfect moment but since the idea for the moment rises from some "completely dark and unex-

plainable" source, he won't argue with what others see in the result. It's as though he himself were a tool of expression, a pipeline of mysterious images, for a force no one can know. Through Colville, the force tells us again and again that no matter how fine a split second of life may be, *This*, too, must pass. That's the message that disturbs so many people in so many ways.

"So many people," Colville says, "are stupidly unaware of the brevity of life." He has been highly aware of it himself ever since the Second World War when, as a sensitive young war artist, he recorded not only the daily routine of soldiering but also the ghastly routine of dying. In Alex Colville, Diary of a War Artist (Nimbus Publishing, Halifax, 1981), he describes the Nazi death camp at Belsen: "While



stroke of a crow's wing. Some His British sports car is "fun for fanatics"....

I drew, the group of bodies was added to as more people died and were feebly dragged out of the hut by the inhabitants, who were themselves more dead than alive....I made a drawing of bodies lying in a grave. These were soon obscured by other bodies which were being thrown from the back of a truck....The thing one felt was one felt badly that one didn't feel worse. That is to say, you see one dead person and it is too bad, but seeing five hundred is not five hundred times worse....You realize that you are still hungry....It was a profoundly affecting experience. Obviously it would be, unless a person was an absolute fool. You were bound to think about this quite a bit."

Rhoda Colville also knows about the brevity of life. She and Alex married in August, 1942, the month he turned 22, the month the Battle of Stalingrad began, and more than 3,000 Canadians fell at Dieppe. That was just 13 years after Rhoda's father, sister, brother, aunt and grandfather had gone out for a drive together, and never returned. A passenger train, hell-bent for Yarmouth, slaughtered them all at a level crossing a few miles from their home in Wolfville. Little Rhoda had stayed home that day, and in the decades to come she, too, would be "bound to think about this quite a bit." Her eyes are unusually kind. She has an air of wisdom about her, tempered by grace.

Rhoda's father, Charles Wright, was Wolfville's top building contractor. She has only to look around town to see his real monument, the buildings he erected. If her husband is chancellor at Acadia, her father built the university pool, and she swims in it every morning.

> Moreover, Alex and Rhoda live in the same sunny, threestorey, stucco house that he fashioned for his family more than half a century ago. Rhoda was born there, and if the place has ghosts they're all friendly. In the bathroom, the flowering pedestal sink and thick, creamy tub typify the solid comfort that Charles Wright felt his family deserved. The tub is big enough for a man and woman to splash around together.

> Rhoda has a Valley network of relatives, friends, ancient family connections, shared memories. In October, the Colvilles' basement held six comforting cords of precisely stacked chunks of dry birch and maple, and the man who'd brought them

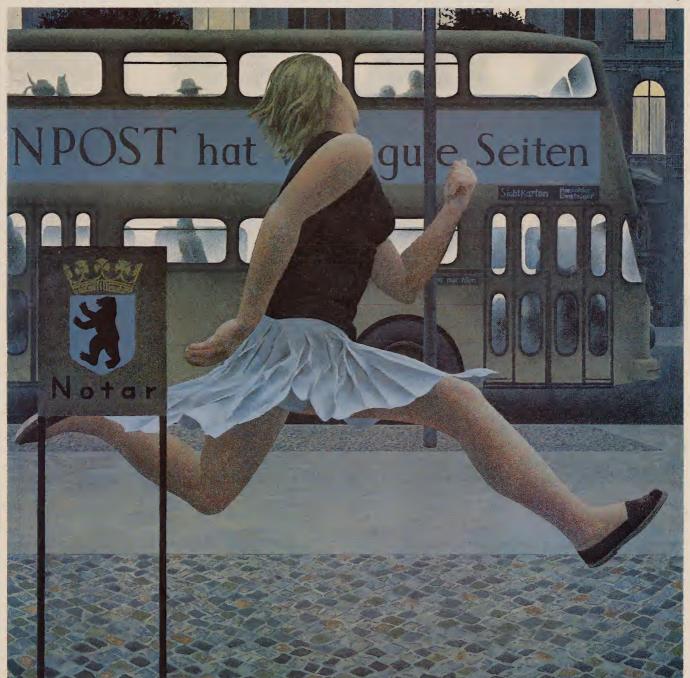
belonged to a family that's been delivering firewood to the house since horses outnumbered automobiles. The Colvilles lead a good life in Wolfville, and part of its goodness is the air of human continuity that still rinses the Valley as the aroma of pink blossoms has rinsed it for centuries of springtimes.

For Alex, the good life has other satisfying ingredients. He works so slowly, so meticulously and with such agonizing concentration that he paints only three or four works a year, but they now sell for \$75,000 each. Even after subtracting a dealer's cut, such prices mean he can live as well as anyone has a right to want to live. On visits to London to see his dealer, and "to pick up a suit from my tailor," he stays at Brown's Hotel. It's a small, legendary, Mayfair establishment where the Theodore Roosevelts spent their honeymoon and Rudyard Kipling was a regular. Colville no longer owns a Land Rover and a Porshe. Instead, he's got a Mercedes-Benz 300 TD (\$38,500) and what he calls "a primitive sort of sports racing car...very exotic." It's a Caterham Super Seven (formerly the Lotus Seven), a stylish, wheeled torpedo that a British auto magazine

ern Ontario, where he was born, to Amherst, N.S., where he would grow up. During a long, lonely convalescence, "the drawings I made were of machines, without exception. I drew cars, boats, airplanes, things like that." That was 52 years ago and, ever since, he's been putting cars, boats, airplanes, and things like that into paintings and

sloop that he can sail either alone or with her.

The good life for Colville, however, is far more than the sum of his expensive toys. There's also the matter of recognition. Like lobster at midnight, it was all the more delicious for having been served so late. Colville has always defied the tides of fashion that sweep



....His "Berlin Bus" freezes time

tersely describes as "fun for fanatics."

The cars gratify an ancient passion. Colville was a sick nine-year-old when he first drew automobiles. If death breathed on Rhoda in 1929 when a train flew at her family like a cannonball, it breathed on Alex in the same year. Pneumonia nearly killed him. His family had just moved from south-

serigraphs. Not to mention trains, trucks, steamrollers, bridges, piers, handguns and recently, a refrigerator, a bus, a bicycle. Colville loves the look, the feel, the performance of fine machines and at last he can afford to own them; not only the cars, but also a superb Swiss table saw, a Canon photocopier, an Italian bicycle for himself, a French bicycle for Rhoda, a Laser 2

the art world, and for a quarter-century he paid a price for cold-shouldering its taste makers and groupies. In the Fifties, he recalls, "I could scarcely give my paintings away."

He showed no interest in the Group of Seven, no interest in abstract expressionism, pop art, conceptual art, or art as an expression of immortal whim, no interest in schools, gatherings, move-

COVER STORY



Colville's latest: Wheels, wings, wonder

ments, orgies, lobbies, petitions, manifestos, or the posturings of other artists. He behaved as though life were too short for such silliness, as though he had monumental artistic arrogance, as though he knew exactly what he must do and, even if the world were too stupid to appreciate it, would go right on doing it to the end.

A dapper, domesticated, artistic hermit, wearing a crew cut and a business suit, punctually reporting for work in his own attic, he hid out year after year in Sackville, N.B., and Wolfville, N.S.; and here in these hick college towns, more than 1000 miles from the slick, urban galleries where simply everyone sneered at realism, he plunged on and on, deeper and deeper into a stranger and stranger realism. "In advanced Canadian circles," a British critic once put it, "the quickest way to get oneself labelled a square is to admit to liking Colville's paintings."

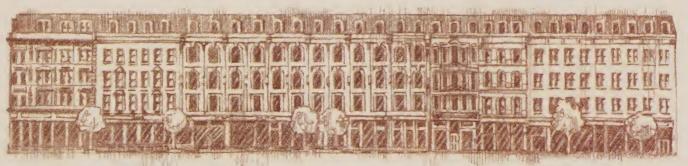
By 1963, he could no longer bear either his duties as an art teacher at Mount Allison University, Sackville,

or the acrid smell of faculty warfare. With a wife, four children and an unpromising reputation in the Canadian art market, he threw up his job, hurled himself full-time into his attic obsessions. He was 43. He'd had exactly one commercially successful showing (not in Canada but at a small gallery in New York). Soon, he was so hard up he sold his life insurance to support his family, and seriously considered hiring himself out as a carpenter. But as the turbulent Sixties continued, murmurs about the sinister, frozen scenes of this Maritime recluse spread round the world. In 1969-70, Colville's friend and dealer, the late Harry Fischer, cofounder of the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery in London, organized the European exhibition that inspired critics to write stuff like this: "The revolt against abstract art, which is now surging like one of those wild Fundy tides, was bound to discover Colville.

He was 50 and, as he said later, "not one of the best-loved persons in the art world of this country." But so

what? At last, he had it made; and as comedian Jackie Gleason used to say, "How sweet it is!" Now, Colville has honorary degrees from seven universities (the latest, on Oct. 31, from Memorial University of Newfoundland). He's a winner of the Molson Prize (worth \$15,000), a former member of the Canada Council, a current trustee of the National Museums Corporation, a member of the National Gallery's powerful visiting committee and, along with Rhoda, the extremely happy beneficiary of the pleasures that flow from a beloved cottage on Evangeline Beach. That's just eight km from the big house in Wolfville.

"To have a cottage within cycling distance of this house, which is also where I work," Colville says, "well, that's just unbelievably agreeable." He's wearing expensive, brown, brushedleather shoes, grey woollen slacks, a chocolate turtleneck jersey. The room has brass fireplace gear, his own serigraphs on the wall and a copy of the Governor-General's medal that he de-



hal's old is what's new.

That's the unique thing about Delta's Barrington Inn. We're smack in the heart of the historical Halifax waterfront area. Midway between the past and the present.

To maintain the character of the historic Halifax waterfront, the Barrington Inn has been embellished with stone removed from the 19th century buildings that once stood

on the same site. Yet, inside, guests will find modern, 20th century hotel amenities

Beyond the front doors, and within easy walking distance are the prov-

incial legislature, modern office complexes among the grand, old structures of bygone days, and a collection of museums, cozy pubs and fine restaurants unrivalled by

any city across the country The hotel stands atop beautiful Barrington Place Mall, and the Scotia Square is connected by all weather walkways, to complete a shopper's paradise.

Neek in, week out... and weekends, too.

Part of Halifax's reputation as a centre of good eating is due in part to us. The Barrington's very own Murphy's Food and Beverage Provisioners provide fine family dining in an atmosphere of character and charm. Our lounge, Teddy's, fea-

tures a stylish piano bar. For those with a taste for something more physical, there are complete recreational facilities, including a

whirlpool, saunas, and a swimming pool. A playroom and babysitting service are the final touches to the

perfect family weekend away Our rooms, are appointed with style, warmth, and all the other things

Delta is famous for. Like our fist sized bars of soap. Our oversized fluffy towels. Our roomy, restful beds. And the extra measure of service that makes guests feel right at home. We can make it easier to get

down to business, too, with helpful folks trained to make your function productive and pleasurable.

In Ottawa, the Inn of the Provinces offers outstanding

enjoy yourself just that much more with us.

Della is one great hole value and a superb location right downtown. Wherever you stay, you'll apply that much

We have outstanding hotels in 12 cities across Canada. Each one reflects the character of the area it serves through a personality unto itself. We've opened the doors to a great tradition with our new Brunswick Inn, featuring dining of unsurpassed quality and the most comfortable rooms in Saint John.

The Delta **Barrington Inn**

Something special in Halifax

COVER STORY

signed during the term of his good friend Jules Léger. The morning sun strokes the ample lawn and slants through the southern windows, just as Rhoda's father knew it would a long time ago. She has gone swimming. The room is small, and good for talking. "I've been unbelievably lucky," Colville says. He pauses, adds something unusually personal: "The fact of being happily married is a godsend."

From his war diary, aboard the naval vessel *Prince David* bound for the Mediterranean in the summer of '44: *Too tired to write Rhoda. Went to*

will show us that we agree on religion. It made me realize that Rhoda is much wiser than I.... Had headache in evening. Lay up near radar tower until 2045 when show started. It was Betty Grable—so I left and wrote to Rhoda.

Since that time, 37 years ago, a time in which it was entirely possible he'd not survive the war to see Rhoda again, she has become a famous figure to those who revere his art. "Colville has used this model many times," critic Robert Melville said in *Art International*. "She is easily recognizable." With her blonde helmet of hair, pale

often beside her, exactly Alex Colville. If he were simply a portrait artist, then the painting "Refrigerator" would be remarkable chiefly because it's the first time a university chancellor and his wife have appeared in public while naked. But as Virgil G. Hammock put it in Vie des Arts, "It is not important most of the time who these people are—indeed, generally it is his wife or himself—but more what they are, or are not, doing in the picture....The pictures are really for him a form of metaphor for a larger philosophy."

f all Colville's paintings, it's "Refrigerator" that most completely melds happy autobiography with tragic philosophy. The man and wife are alive because something chose to spare them for a while. Ever since Colville came home from the war, he's been granting us glimpses of these two as they use up their gift of life, and move through time. They're middle-aged now. They've been around. They've seen a lot. They're close. They're raiding a refrigerator. "Refrigerator" may be the sole Colville painting in which he allows his humor to flicker forth. The three scrounging cats are gently funny, and the whole painting is a light, loving celebration of a fine, free, intimate moment in the lives of some of God's creatures.

But it's something else, too. A warning? An order to prepare to meet thy maker? "Somehow," Sol Littman explained in the *Toronto Star*, "one feels that the pair will not survive." Right. No one does. In Colville's work, Michael Greenwood said in *artscanada*, "death can afford to be patient." Time is "an irreversible drift towards eternity," and people are "born to ripen and perish." Discerning as this gloomy interpretation may be, it's not the whole story of what Colville's up to. For he believes it's death that makes life worth living.

"When I was young I read some of Leonardo da Vinci," he once told a high school graduating class in Amherst, N.S. "One sentence which intrigued and rather mystified me was, 'When I thought I was learning how to live, I was learning how to die.' I think I now have some idea of what Leonardo meant....Life can be most fully lived if we realize that it is finite...." The couple at the refrigerator seem to understand that, and they quietly rejoice in their secret. Since Colville preserved their perfect moment, one of the models has died. The black cat. Born to ripen and perish. Weep for the black cat, but do not weep too long. She had a good life.

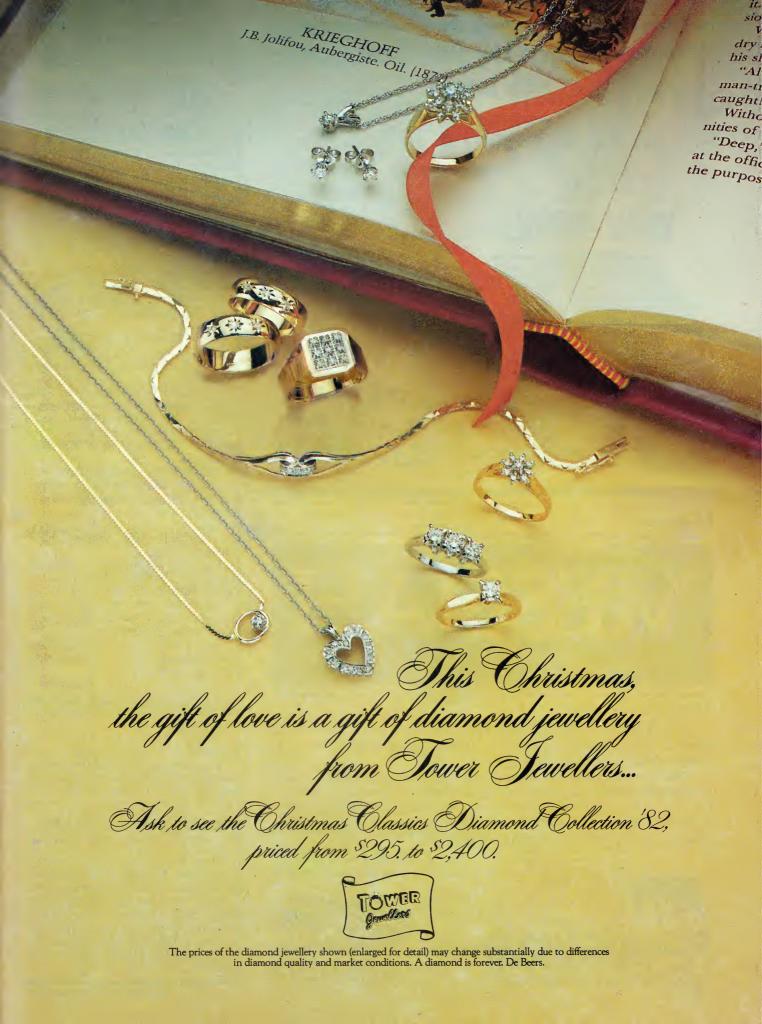


One thing Colville has always been: His own man

bed....I wrote Rhoda a rather halting letter, trying to explain that she wouldn't get much mail.... Wrote a 900-word letter to Rhoda—felt very lonesome.... Wrote Rhoda, tried to get a souvenir of Gibraltar, but could find nothing but expensive trash so got a bullfight post card.... Went ashore at 1800 to Agripola and bought a pair of wooden-soled shoes for Rhoda for 350 lira.... I wish Rhoda could have been with me. Today has been the hottest yet.... Read G.B. Shaw's Back to Methuselah. Preface very thought-provoking. Must read it to Rhoda. It

golden skin, and womanly torso and limbs, she has appeared in his paintings morning, noon and night; naked, partially naked, and not naked at all; in bathing suits, brassieres, summer frocks, sweaters, skirts, an apron, and an outfit for midwinter hiking, complete with snowshoes; on a railroad platform, on a wharf, in a bedroom, in a bathtub, by a refrigerator, by a clothesline, staring at the sky, paddling her own canoe.

The woman in the paintings, of course, is not exactly Rhoda. Nor is the man with the crew cut, who's so



We're known by the Company We keep.



Doctors. Lawyers. Politicians. Engineers. Academics. Businessmen. Oil Company Executives. Company Presidents.

Atlantic Canada's most successful families have helped make *Aden Personnel Ltd.* Atlantic Canada's largest and most successful domestic placement agency.

And we thank you.

To further serve you, **Aden Personnel** proudly announces its expansion:

New Prestige Service. Offering trained and experienced butlers, valets, chauffeurs, cooks and certified nannies.

Office Personnel. Aden Personnel is pleased to announce its expansion into temporary and permanent Canadian office and sales staff placement. At competative rates. All personnel personally screened and tested.

Aden Personnel Ltd. Offering the creme de la creme in Atlantic Canada



425:3762

HISTORIC PROPERTIES
UPPER WATER ST, HALIFAX, N.S.

425-5694

Handel's



The Joy of Christmas

This Christmas share with your family the music which has come to symbolize joy and hope. No work has so consistently thrilled audiences with its majestic choruses and beautiful vocal arias.

Maestro Yampolsky has selected four superb soloists for this complete performance in the original Handelian style and instrumentation.

Do not miss this unique opportunity December 18-19, Rebecca Cohn Auditorium, Halifax, 8:00 p.m. Rosemarie Landry, soprano; Glyn Evans, tenor; Janet Stubbs, mezzo soprano; John Dodington, bass.

Adult A/\$12 B/\$10 Student A/\$11 B/\$ 9



Atlantic Symphony Orchestra

CALL NOW! . . . and charge it.



423-9294

CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

Dec.—Theatre New Brunswick presents "You're A Good Man Charlie Brown," Dec. 1, Campbellton; Dec. 2, Bathurst; Dec. 3, Chatham; Dec. 4-7, Moncton; Dec. 8, Sussex; Dec. 9-11, Saint John; Dec. 12, St. Stephen; Dec. 15-20, 22, 23, Fredericton

Dec.—N.B. Hawks play—Dec. 2, Maine; Dec. 5, Nova Scotia; Dec. 9, Binghamton; Dec. 19, Fredericton; Dec. 27, 30, Erie, The Coliseum,

Moncton

Dec.—The 1981-82 McCain Cup—Fredericton Express plays—Dec. 3, 22, New Brunswick; Dec. 3, 17, 26, Nova Scotia, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Dec.—The 1981-82 McCain Cup— N.S. Hawks play—Dec. 5, Nova Scotia; Dec. 19, Fredericton, The Coliseum, Moncton

Dec. 1-3—"Containment" by Rick Burns: Small pine boxes with glass windows, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Dec. 1-12—Contemporary Quebec Prints and Drawings, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Dec. 1-20—Atlantic Parallels: Works by 10 Atlantic provinces' photographers, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 1-22—Sackville Art Association: Member exhibit, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Dec. 1-24—Contemporary Flemish Drawings, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Dec. 1-24—The New Brunswick Landscape Print: 1760-1880, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton

Dec. 1-Jan. 5—Benny Motzseldt: A Norwegian Pathfinder in Glass, N.B.

Museum, Saint John
Dec. 2-Jan. 5—N.B. Invitational
Craft Show including crafts of Christmas past, National Exhibition Centre,
Fredericton

Dec. 5—Santa Claus Parade, Edmundston

Dec. 14-Jan. 14—Ghitta Caiserman-Roth: A 25-year retrospective, Beaverbrook Art Gallery, Fredericton

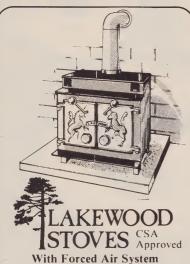
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Dec. 1-6—Profile '81: Contemporary Nova Scotia crafts, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 1-11—Recent works by Henry Purdy: Steel sculpture, oil on canvas, drawings, Eptek Centre, Summerside

Dec. 2-Jan. 3—Terence Johnson: Forts, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Keep warm economically with wood



Quality Wood Stoves

Manufactured in Atlantic Canada

Lakewood stoves consistently receive the highest consumer rating in Canada.

Lakewood stoves are officially acknowledged as amongst the most efficient in Canada.

Most Lakewood stoves qualify for the \$800 government rebate when replacing oil.

There are 9 Lakewood free standing or fireplace

Lakewood stoves to keep you warm this winter, see your dealer now.

See your local Lakewood Dealer

OROMOCTO, N.B. Roblynn Building Supplies Restigouche Road (506) 357-8485

FREDERICTON, N.B. Sunpoke Wood Heating Ltd. Wilsey Road (506) 455-8107

SAINT JOHN, N.B.

Armstrong Installers Ltd. Quispamsis 847-7102

DARTMOUTH, N.S. Country Stove Store 101 Main Street (902) 435-1658 Dec. 4, 5—An Olde Fashioned Christmas: Sing-song and music, Confederation Centre

Dec. 7-Jan. 3—Christmas At Eptek: An exhibit of toys and gifts from the past, Eptek Centre, Summerside

Dec. 9-13—Caven Atkins: Retrospective, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 9-Jan. 10—Island Painters, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 13—Musicians' Gallery Sunday Concert series features "The Confederation Centre Chamber Singers," Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Dec. 19—4th Annual Sing Noel: Gwilym Bevan directs 175 singers, Confederation Centre

Dec. 27—Diary Queen Polar Run: Road Race, Charlottetown

NOVA SCOTIA

Dec.—N.S. Voyageurs play—Dec. 3, Maine; Dec. 6, Binghamton; Dec. 20, Moncton; Dec. 27, Fredericton; Dec. 29, Erie, Metro Centre, Halifax

Dec.—The 1981-82 McCain cup— N.S. Voyageurs play—Dec. 20, N.B.; Dec. 27, Fredericton, Metro Centre, Halifax

Dec. 1—Community Concert, Savoy Theatre, Glace Bay

Dec. 1-6—Neptune Theatre presents "Absurd Person Singular," a comedy of domestic misadventure, Halifax

Dec. 1-11—Chinese-Canadian Historical Exhibition: Development of the Chinese-Canadian community, Saint Mary's University, Halifax

Dec. 1-13—Nancy Edell: Hooked rugs and drawings, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

Dec. 1-13—Points of View: Photographs of Architecture, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery

Dec. 1-15—George Walford: Below the Cape, realist paintings of the Cape Blomidon area, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish

Dec. 1-Jan. 3—Early Nova Scotia Quilts and Coverlets, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Dec. 1-Jan. 3—Selections from the Permanent Collection: Etchings and Engravings, Dalhousie Art Gallery

Dec. 3-5—Seaweed Theatre presents "Hornpipers," Dartmouth High School

Dec. 3-Feb. 14—Permanent Collection: Nova Scotia Graphics, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

Dec. 5—Excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan featuring "Trial by Jury," Acadia University, Wolfville

Dec. 5, 6—Canadian Hostelling Association-sponsored "Outdoor Survival Clinic," Trail Shop, Halifax

In MONCTON we look at it your way



A new business location boils down to a return on investment and our industrial parks promise you optimum services for growth potential.

This promise from Moncton means more than profit. There's more flexibility in lot choices with a number of industrial parks from which to choose. More distribution capability through Atlantic Canada's most dependable, highest freight tonnage airport and rail marshalling centre. More suppliers and subcontractors from among the over 400 industries and 200 distributors as an existing business resource. Moncton also promises you efficient and professional assistance in your site selection work.

Looking at it your way is Moncton's long-term commitment to help industry. Locate here in the centre of Atlantic Canada.

Contact:

Paul Daigle, Dept., AI Moncton Industrial Development Limited Terminal Building, Moncton New Brunswick, Canada Telephone (506) 854-2700





Doctors need it. Camel-drivers need it. Welders need it. Fishermen need it. Accordionists need it.



and if you manage your own business, or help manage someone else's business, you need it too

No matter what we do, we all need to regularly upgrade our professional skills. Experience is *not* always the best teacher. Even if we have been managing business for a long time, we may lack expertise in some vital areas. How confident are you in your knowledge of cash-flow forecasting, inventory control, taxation, marketing, advertising, personnel administration, credit and collection, time management, loan planning, and government regulation? Newfoundland's future depends on increasing levels of

tion? Newfoundland's future depends on increasing levels of management sophistication.

Your future depends on it too.

NIMAT/C.I.M. works hand in hand with government and educational institutions to teach managers the skills they need. Write NIMAT/C.I.M. and ask about the seminars and self-help kits that are available to you. This practical, down-to-earth education can make a real and tangible difference to your business life. Now, and from now on.

For information on becoming a Member of NIMAT/C.I.M., phone or write: (709) 753-3707

(709) 753-3707

NEWFOUNDLAND INSTITUTE FOR MANAGEMENT ADVANCEMENT AND TRAINING

CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF MANAGEMENT

P.O. BOX 9554, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND CANADA, A1A 2Y4

CALENDAR

Dec. 6—Mermaid Theatre presents "Running the Red Lights," a play about issues facing youths today, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 12—The Garrison Brothers,

Savoy Theatre, Glace Bay

Dec. 13—The Dalhousie Chorale presents "Christmas in Song," Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 14, 15—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra features pianist Robert Silverman, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

NEWFOUNDLAND

Dec.—The Royal Winnipeg Ballet presents "The Nutcracker," Dec. 2-6, St. John's; Dec. 8, Gander; Dec. 11, Stephenville, Arts and Culture Centre

Dec. 1-31—Nfld. photo exhibit: Works by Martin Lyons, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

Dec. 1-31—Watercolors by Frank Lapointe, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Dec. 1-31—Pinhole photography by Manny Buchheit, Arts and Culture Centre, Stephenville

Dec. 1-31—Labrador Pastimes: Toys and games of Labrador, Institute for Northern Studies, Goose Bay

Dec. 1-31—Multicultural Festival: A series of presentations by Nfld. cultural groups, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Dec. 1-31—Charlotte Lindgren: An exhibition of fibre, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 2-12—LSPU Hall presents "A Christmas Carol," St. John's

Dec. 3-6—Iron City Bonspiel, Carol Curling Arena, Labrador City

Dec. 3-27—Marking Time: Paintings and drawings by Sheila Kunst, Annex Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 3-Jan. 25—Australian Aboriginal Art, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

Dec. 4-Jan. 3—Art Association of Newfoundland and Labrador: Annual art exhibit, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 13—Molstar Races, Smokey Mountain Ski Centre, Labrador City

Dec. 16-20—Musical Munchkins Troup presents "A Children's Show," LSPU Hall, St. John's

Dec. 18—Nfld. Symphony Orchestra presents "Amahl and the Night Visitors," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's



Carioca Gold. On-the-rocks it's more than just rum of a different colour.
It's a golden treasure of the islands: Rich. Mellow.

And smooth.

The real taste of rum as rum was meant to be.

Each sip, another strike of gold. Carioca Gold.

Ron Carloca Gorc Distilled in Canada by Schenley Canada, Inc.



HEALTH



Williamson: "It's not something we can sweep under a rug"

Five kids in one county kill themselves. Why?

Queen's County, N.S., wants the answer. Meanwhile, a tip for parents: All you need is love

or Sgt. Peter Williamson of the Liverpool RCMP detachment, the tragic events he's investigated in the past year are of more than professional interest. Williamson is the father of two sons, aged 15 and 18. So it is with a parent's concern that he considers the crisis in this quiet, southern N.S. town and the county where it's located: In just over a year, nine people have committed suicide in Queens County. Four were adults. Five were teen-agers. All were male.

"It really bothers me," Williamson says. "I get along great with my boys, and I don't think they'd ever do this, but no one knows for sure. None of these parents expected this to happen. All we can do now is try to make other parents see that the problem is here, that it's not something we can sweep under a rug."

The recent deaths place the suicide rate in Queens County at about four times the national average. Moreover,



Principal Bill Raine: "It's frightening"

the number of *young* suicides is also unusually high. "That's what has us worried," Williamson says. Like other county authorities, he can only speculate about the causes.

Suicide among young people is not a problem unique to Queens County. Since the Fifties, the suicide rate among young North Americans has almost quadrupled. Suicide ranks second only to car accidents as a cause of death among those aged 15 to 30. William Raine, principal of Liverpool Regional High School, hopes the county's unusually high incidence of young suicides is a freak situation that won't occur again. "It's frightening," he says, "but I still have faith in this community. My son is 11 now. In a few years, he'll be the same age as those kids. It's scary to think about, but I'm not leaving here. I still think it's a good place to raise kids."

Raine can't explain the suicides, but Williamson believes drug abuse is the root of the problem. "I know two of the deaths were predominantly caused by drugs," he says. "One boy even left a note telling people to stay away from that whole area." Raine

doesn't agree that drugs are the answer. "I've been in places where the drug problem was five times as bad, and nothing like this ever happened," he says. "Kids here use drugs, sure, but I defy anyone to show me a school where they don't. The kids aren't really defiant about it here. They don't smoke dope in the corridors and dare you to do something about it."

See carpet of Trevira® by Peerless at the following dealers in the Maritimes and Newfoundland

NEW BRUNSWICK Lounsbury Stores, all branches

Grange à Tapis 695 St. Peeters Avenue Bathurst

L & C Home Decoration Center Ltd. 198 Roseberry Street Campbellton

Abud's Meubles Dalhousie

Maritime Flooring Ltd. Fredericton

Medjuck & Budovitch Ltd 525 Prospect Street East Fredericton

Grand Falls Carpet Distributors Grand Falls

Hallmark Interiors Ltd. 1063 Mountain Road Moncton

Flooring World Ltd. 269 Main Street Nashwaaksis

Eastern Tile & Carpet Ltd. 299 Dalton Avenue New Castle

C.H. Tompkins Furniture Ltd. 246 Water Street St. Andrews

Floor Fashions Ltd. 240 Metcalf St. Johns

Quality Carpet Ltd. 16 Germain Street St. Johns

NOVA SCOTIA Halliday's all branches

Charles Dargie & Sons Annapolis Royal

Bernies Carpet Sales & Service 173A Pomquet R.R. 7 Antigonish

Wilson's Shopping Center Ltd. #3 Highway Barrington Passage

La Have Furnishings Ltd. 7 Dufferin Street Bridgewater

Creative Floors & Interiors Ltd. 800 Windmill Road Dartmouth

East Coast Carpet Outlet Ltd.

World Wide Furniture 1245 Portland Street Dartmouth

Hall's Carpet Reg'd. Barton R.R. 1 Digby

Carpet Specialists 2101 Gottingen Street Halifax

Charlton Flooring Ltd. 3466 Dutch Village Road Halifax

Valley House of Carpet Kentville

Queen's Furniture 1 Birch Avenue Liverpool

South Shore Sales Furniture Lunenburg

Andrew's Department Store 1139 Commercial Street New Minas NOVA SCOTIA (cont.) G.R. Sawler Ltd. 1186 Prospect Road

Reids Carpet Highland Gateways Plaza Port Hawkesbury

West Side Rugs Ltd. Pubnico

Charlie Joes Furniture Ltd. 484 Grand Lake P.D. Sydney

M.P. Crowell 733 Prince Street Truro

Munroes Furniture Ltd. Yarmouth

NEWFOUNDLAND/ LABRADOR John Bishop Limited Bay Roberts

Chesley Fillier & Son Limited Clarkes Beach C. Bay

Cluny Carpet Limited Kelligrews C. Bay

Community Carpet Centre Victoria Carbonear

The Chain Store Limited Clarenville

D.J. Williams Limited Whites Road Deer Lake

Peninsula Better Living Centre Fortune

Tuckers Furniture Limited

Grandy's Carpenter Shop & Construction Ltd. Main Street Grand Bank

Cohens Home Furnishings Limited Grand Falls

Riff's Limited Grand Falls

Central Carpet Clinic Main Street Lewisporte

Mount Pearl Carpet Sales Limited Mount Pearl

Aylwards Limited St. Lawrence

Stephenville Furniture Limited Stephenville

ST. JOHN'S AREA: Baine Johnston & Co. Ltd. Kenmount Road

H & M Locke Limited 254 Pennywell Road

Hunt's Limited Rowan Street

K-Mart Canada Limited Topsail Road

K-Mart Canada Limited Torbay Road

R.A. Templeton Limited Water Street

Woolco Department Store Avalon Mall Kenmount Road

Woolco Department Store The Village Mall Topsail Road

Woolworth Department Store Water Street







selection of refreshing shades. ®REG'D T.M. OF HOECHST AG







In New Brunswick we'd better be better. We want you back.

If you're doing business in New Brunswick, we'd like to do business with you. Move in with us in Moncton, Fredericton, Campbellton, Saint John, or Edmundston.

We're there where you need us, and reservations are as easy as a toll-free call.

And because we're businessmen too we know the importance of repeat business. If we want you back, we'd better be better. We are.

Toll-Free Reservations: From Eastern Canada, 1-800-268-4940. From Western Canada, call collect, 1-416-363-7401. From USA 1-800-654-2000. Or contact your travel counsellor.



"See you again."

SAINT JOHN CAMPBELLTON FREDERICTON MONCTON EDMUNDSTON TORONTO AIRPORT TORONTO EAST LONDON ST. CATHARINES KINGSTON OAKVILLE (OPENING NEXT SPRING)

You can also reserve at 14 Auberge des Gouverneurs in Quebec through our toll-free telephone numbers.

HEALTH

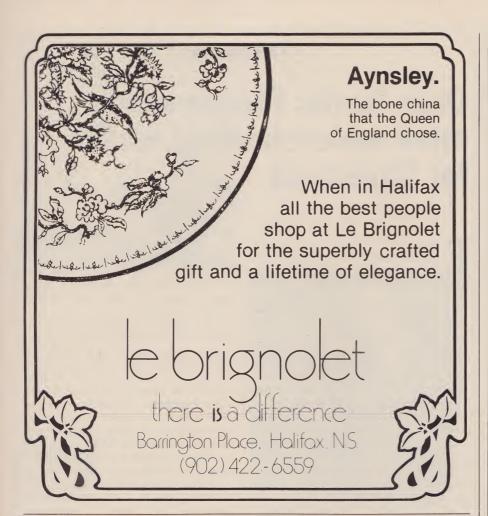
A few common threads appear to link the teen-age deaths. "Most of the boys seemed kind of lonely," Williamson says. "They didn't have much of a relationship with their families and they didn't seem to relate to kids their own age." Raine agrees. "One of the boys was a student here. He was a big, good-looking kid, popular enough with the other students. But every now and then he seemed to do something deliberately to make himself unpopular."

Four of the five boys shot themselves, most with guns they found at home. Firearms, Williamson notes, are a way of life in a rural area such as Queens County: "You're close to the woods, so you keep a pump gun or a rifle to go shooting. You handle guns, and you just don't see them as dangerous weapons." According to the Canadian Mental Health Association, the fact that all the victims were male is not surprising. Girls are four times more likely than boys to attempt suicide. But boys complete the act three times as often. When they decide to kill themselves, Williamson says, boys tend to take the quick, violent, irreversible route; girls are more likely to try something slow-acting, such as pills, often with the hope of a lastminute rescue.

No one may ever fully understand the Queens County suicides, but community leaders are trying to find ways to prevent more deaths. By early fall, officials from the local mental health association and the provincial Health Department were holding meetings. The RCMP had organized a seminar on the causes and warning signs of suicide. Williamson says kids are under more pressure than ever before pressure to produce in school, pressure from their friends, pressure from society. "If they're not getting love at home," he says, "and if they cry for help and don't get any answer, suicide may seem like the only way out.'

Raine agrees: "The kids need more direction, more positive feedback from adults. They're good kids, and I hate to see them getting beaten down. They have more money than they ever did, maybe more than they should have. They also have more latitude, and it's natural that they take advantage of that. What they may not have, though, is enough love and concern from their families." And such problems, he warns, are scarcely unique to Queens County. "Other communities shouldn't get smug about what happened here," he says. "It's not just something that happened in Queens County. It could happen anywhere.'

- Elizabeth Hanton





550 WINDMILL ROAD, DARTMOUTH, N.S., PHONE 463-5516



OPINION

Dear Santa: Please send more understanding adults for Christmas

By Alden Nowlan

very time I travel by plane I become more convinced that there ought to be corporal punishment—not for kids but for parents.

I'll be waiting for my flight, and there will be a kid in the vicinity who is behaving like a perfectly healthy and intelligent human being. He'll be exploring the world around him, a world filled with strange and fascinating objects and equally strange and fascina-

ting people.

Watching him, his fellow travellers will feel a little less bored, a little less tired, a little less lonely. He may even engage us in conversation. Last December, on a flight from Montreal to Fredericton, I met a two-year-old who, observing my bulk and my beard, sensibly deduced that I must be Santa Claus. "Hi, Santa!" she said, flashing a smile that stayed with me all the rest of the day. Until then, the only people I had been mistaken for were Burl Ives and a wrestler called Ivan the Terrible. While that little girl's eyes were on me, I even refrained from smoking, so that she wouldn't see Santa Claus with a cigarette in his mouth.

The mother of this particular kid was embarrassed, but nice. She smiled at me. But she was an exception to the rule, the rule being that the parents of most such kids are a royal

pain in the fundament.

Who among us has never heard the call of the Abominable Parent Bird, monotonously croaking, "Stop that!" or "Come here, you!" until everybody within earshot is either irritable or depressed? I've often wished that I dared get up, go over to the offending mother or father, take down his or her pants, and administer a good walloping. No doubt, I'd be charged with assault, but at least I'd be led away with the sound of a standing ovation ringing in my ears.

You run into the same kind of parent in doctors' waiting rooms and super-

misbehaves in public, there are a hundred parents who deserve to be soundly spanked and made to stand in the corner. Even good parents impose standards of conduct upon their kids that they would never dream of imposing on themselves. The same is true of adults in general.

I hover around newsstands the way a fly hovers around the butter dish at a picnic, thumbing through magazines that I'll never buy, such as Soldier of Fortune and Ladies' Home Journal. It's a habit common to many adults. Never once have I heard the proprietor of a newsstand order a grown-up browser to move along. It's a different story if a kid does it. More often than not, the proprietor descends upon him the way an owl descends upon a mouse.

Some people like to hang around shopping malls. God knows why; they're horrible places, all purple and orange plastic. I've even seen them displaying plastic fireplaces, complete with plastic flames. Be that as it may, some people like to hang around, including some teen-aged kids. An adult won't be kicked out unless he is frothing at the mouth; a kid will be kicked out simply for being a kid.

I helped to write a play, the cast of which included a small boy. If anyone was making a noise during a rehearsal, it was always the small boy who was ordered to be quiet, although, in fact,



markets. For every kid who Nowlan: Parents need a good spanking



AND BE HEARD

Intercom Systems
Nurse Call Systems
Doctors Register Systems
Master Clock Systems
Professional Sound
Systems
School Communications
Systems

Speak To The Communication Specialists



5679 Cunard St. Halifax, N.S. B3K 1C7 902-422-8586



or Head Office

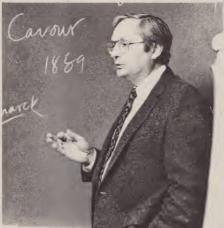
24 Rideout St. Moncton, N.B. E1E 1EZ 506-854-0488



There's only one reason to go to university



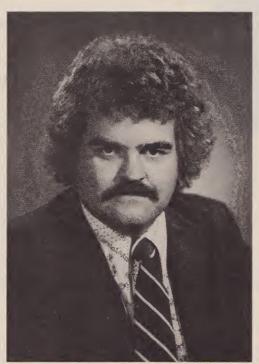
knowledge



Saint Mary's University



For more information write to The Director of Admissions Saint Mary's University Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3H 3C3



Tom Young 'Talk of the Town'

9 to 11 am Monday to Friday

covering southern New Brunswick and western Nova Scotia

50,000 watts

CfbC Saint John, N.B.

This office squeezes

Lack of space can severely hamper costs, easier and far less expensive than with corporate growth. Add more space, you incur

more expense. But, we can show you how the Haworth® open office interiors system makes office rearrangements date more people in a given area, without sacrificing comfort. The only thing you'll squeeze is costs.





390 Queen St. Fredericton N.B. E3B1B2 Tel.506 455:3160

ricado coma mo duantoma morataro.	
Name	
Position in company	

Please send me additional literature

OPINION

he was less noisy than most of the adult actors.

A kid may be first in line at a store; he will still be the last to be served. And he had better make his purchase and get out of there fast, because if he lingers it will be assumed that he is up

to no good.

Adults not only impose impossible standards of politeness and decorum upon kids, they usually fail to treat them with even elementary good manners. A restaurant owner I used to know complained that the high school students who ate lunch in his establishment behaved like pigs. They stabbed holes in the upholstery and put salt in the sugar dish. It never occurred to him that this might be a natural response to the way he treated them. Few farmers are as rude to their pigs as he was to those kids.

What self-respecting adult would put up with the asinine regulations which exist in the public schools? Can anyone conceive of the owner of a business treating his workers the way the schools treat students? No wonder so many school principals develop delusions of grandeur. No boss since the early days of the Industrial Revolution has possessed such power over his employees as the principal possesses over his students.

When I started giving poetry readings in high schools, I found that I was expected to read to the students for two hours. Two hours! The teachers were casually demanding that those poor kids sit silent and motionless for two solid hours while I read them verses. I wouldn't sit still that long to hear Shakespeare's ghost read from an

unpublished play.

Another time, I took part in a conference on Canadian literature, attended by writers, teachers and high school students. During a noon break, the adults were provided with a buffet lunch, with cold cuts, salads, the works, while the students had to make do the best they could with what they could obtain from a row of coin-operated vending machines outside the lunchroom: Potato chips, chocolate bars and soft drinks. Not a soul among the writers and teachers, except me, questioned this macabre arrangement. Sadder still, none of the kids questioned it either; they took it for granted that they would be treated as inferior beings.

There's a lot of nonsense written about enacting a charter of rights for children, even giving them the vote. We don't need any more silly laws; we have too many of them already. What we need to do is to treat kids with a little common courtesy.

There are banks and "near banks." What's the difference?

Because you deposit your money there doesn't make it a bank. There are distinctions.

Here in Canada there are several different kinds of financial institutions competing with each other in the business of banking. Not all of them are banks.

The financial institutions which are closest to performing bank-like functions – sometimes called "near banks" – are mainly trust companies (and their associated mortgage loan companies), credit unions and caisses populaires.

What is a chartered bank?

A chartered bank is an institution named in the federal Bank Act and governed by that Act. Banks are closely regulated by various federal government bodies, primarily the Department of Finance; and they're responsive to the Bank of Canada, the government-owned central bank, which regulates credit and currency in the interests of the country's economy.

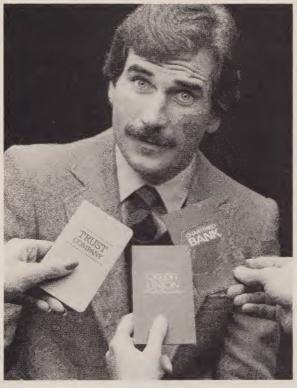
The "near banks" by and large are under provincial regulation; and are indirectly responsive to Bank of Canada influence.

Banks are like financial "supermarkets".

In recent years, banks have become full-service supermarkets of financial services, especially with considerable expansion of their mortgage and consumer lending activities.

Though they offer services similar to those provided by banks, trust companies are not a different kind of bank; they're a different type of institution.

What sets trust companies apart from banks is the fact that they are also in the fiduciary business; that is, the managing of people's assets (property and money that we own,



Banks, trust companies and credit unions appear to be the same, but they're not.

measured in dollars and cents) and handling of estates.

If, for instance, you receive an inheritance and don't feel qualified to manage it, you can appoint a trust company as your agent to manage it for you. Real estate brokerage is also an active function of many trust companies.

Banks spread their funds.

Legislation effectively limits the extent of trust companies' non-mortgage lending, and trust companies have more than half of their assets in mortgages.

Banks have much more diversified loan portfolios. By law, banks must quite severely limit the proportion of their lending which goes into mortgages.

Banks cannot offer trustee services. Nor can they act as real estate brokers.

Financial Co-operatives.

Credit unions are literally financial co-operatives.

A credit union is owned and operated by its members, and is generally restricted to serving those members. A bank is owned by its shareholders and may offer its services to everybody.

Caisses populaires were originally set up to provide a source where working people could borrow money at a low rate of interest. They function like credit unions.

Close supervision.

All of these financial institutions are supervised by government authorities. But here, again, there are differences in the rules which are applied.

Banks, for instance, have to keep cash reserves. These funds are largely held by the Bank of Canada, and the banks earn no interest on them.

On the other hand, trust companies can and do earn interest on their reserves. And credit unions and caisses populaires can take advantage of favourable tax rules established for co-operatives, while banks are taxed as commercial

A wide choice.

corporations.

So, you see, there are differences (as well as similarities) between banks and "near banks."

But they all compete with each other for your business; banks with banks, banks with "near banks", and "near banks" with "near banks." This kind of competition is good for the economy, and it thrives on the differences – and the similarities – between banks and "near banks."

No. 5 in a series of advertisements to help you understand banking better.

Canada's Chartered Banks.

The Canadian Bankers' Association on behalf of

Bank of Montreal • The Bank of Nova Scotia • Toronto Dominion Bank • National Bank of Canada • Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce • The Royal Bank of Canada The Mercantile Bank of Canada • Bank of British Columbia • Canadian Commercial Bank • Northland Bank • Continental Bank of Canada ABN Bank Canada • Bank of America Canada • Barclays Bank of Canada • Continental Illinois Bank (Canada) • Deutsche Bank (Canada) • Hongkong Bank of Canada Korea Exchange Bank of Canada • National Bank of Detroit, Canada • Swiss Bank Corporation (Canada) • The Bank of Tokyo Canada

HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

Hank Snow, said Hank Snow, was liable to sue for libel

he telegram sent a tingle of horror racing through my system. I could see Atlantic Insight crashing round my ears. I could see myself weeping while, all about me, lay the reeking debris of my bombed-out career. The magazine was little more than a year old. I was its editor, and the telegram was the first dread warning of the event every vulnerable, young periodical fears most: A major libel suit. It could destroy us. Like a ball player who's remembered only for the ghastly error that lost the seventh game of a World Series, would I now be remembered in journalism only as the editor who made the blunder that enabled a Nashville singer to snuff out a fine magazine? Remember Harry Bruce? Yeh, sure. Hank Snow sure fixed his wagon, didn't he?

We'd published a fat, flattering story about Snow by John Porteous, a middle-aged fan of such zeal he thought

Snow deserved the Order of Canada. Or, at the very least, a cover story in Atlantic Insight. Porteous was so persuasive that, by the time he left for Nashville to do the story, Snow was indeed on our shortlist of cover possibilities for May, 1980. After all, as Porteous later wrote, Snow had risen from being "the on-air voice of a product known as Wilson's Fly Pads" on CKCW Moncton to membership in the Country Music Hall of Fame: "A supreme honor...that no other Canadian has known." As things turned out, however, we eventually adorned our cover not with Snow but with the thinly smiling face of one Allan J. MacEachen. His yodelling was in-different and his ability to sing "I'm Movin' On" decidedly questionable; but, at the time, he seemed to have a fair chance of becoming the next prime minister of Canada.

Still, we did Hank proud. We car-



ried no less than four photographs of him. They included his trophies and plaques, guitar, sequined shirt, the gold jewelry on his bared chest and, in every photo, what was surely the very hairpiece that Porteous described as looking so "natural." Moreover, in the big type that introduced all this, I wrote, "A scrawny, scrappy, hard-up, beat-up, brawling kid with a cheap guitar and a taste for booze, he hungered after 'a full belly, a big car, fame.' In the end, he won them all.



He's 66 now. Nova Scotia's gift to Nashville he is HANK SNOW, COUNTRY SINGER." Yea, Hank! I'm sure you get the picture. Although Porteous did touch upon the less endearing aspects of Snow's character, the story amounted to a goodly portion of local-boy-makes-good.

The telegram was therefore not only ominous but inexplicable. It told me this: MY LIABLE ATTORNEY INNASHVILLE TOGETHER WITH LEGAL COUNSEL IN OTTAWA AND HALIFAX ARE AT PRESENT ANALYZING RECENT STORY WHICH APPEARED IN MAY ISSUE OF ATLANTIC INSIGHT WRITTEN BY JOHN PORTEOUS. LIABLE SUIT PENDING AGAINST ABOVE MAGAZINE. I STRONGLY SUGGEST YOU PHONE ME ON JUNE 12 AT MY OFFICE IN NASHVILLE. HANK SNOW.

It was possible Snow didn't know the difference between "liable" and "libel." Or maybe he did and I didn't. Maybe a liable suit was something even more ruinous than a libel suit. Anyway, he clearly meant business. Great balls of fire, as they used to say in Nashville, he'd already sicked lawyers from three cities onto me. If he was furious enough to call in lawyers from our national capital, he might still get some from his, too. Washington lawyers yet. (Snow's a Canadian by birth but an American by choice, and damned proud of it.)

"Great balls of fire.... He'd already sicked lawyers from three cities onto me"

The telegram had come from Brandon, Man. Surely, I thought, some good, old boys from Brandon are playing a little joke on me. Surely Snow is still down in Nashville country. Surely he is holed up at his "Rainbow Ranch" with his hand-tooled, Tennessee boots up on his desk, and his hands clasped behind his head as he gazes at his gold records and the other complimentary bric-a-brac of his extravagant trade. No such luck. One phone call confirmed that on the date of the telegram, June 7, 1980, Hank Snow had indeed been in Brandon.

On the appointed Thursday, I trem-

ulously phoned Nashville. Snow immediately came on the line, and Ah tell yew, he was right ornery. In the voice that Porteous had described as deep, gravelly, raw and nasal, "the voice that's sent millions rushing to record stores with cash in hand," he denounced the Porteous story. I stammered that if the piece contained libellous falsehoods Atlantic Insight would certainly undertake to publish corrections. I kept pressing him to tell me specifically where the article had gone wrong. He exploded, "Ah, just don't like it generally."

Then he told me what to do: Publish another story about him and, this

time, make sure I put him on the cover. Then he'd forget his libel suit. I said I really didn't think I wanted to do that, and the voice that once sang so sentimentally about "My Nova Scotia Home" replied, "Ah'm sorry to hear you say that, Mr. Bruce, because you got a good little magazine there, and Ah hate to see it go down the drain."

That was our offence: Failing to publish a cover photograph of Hank Snow. We had made magazine history. Could any other periodical boast that a celebrity had threatened a libel suit over something the magazine had not published? Stand aside, National Enquirer.



Stuffed Eggs Peel hard-boiled eggs, slice wise, scoop out the yolks and

The sad thing about a tray of horsd'oeuvres is that the more care and artistic flair you devote to its preparation, the shorter the time your elegant creation remains on display. The happy thing is that you do not need a host of culinary skills to turn out an eyecatching spread.

Centrepiece

Take thin strips of prosciutto or Parma ham, wrap them around cubes of cantaloup melon and fix them, with toothpicks, to a melon half. Peel hard-boiled eggs, slice lengthwise, scoop out the yolks and slice a very thin sliver from bottom of white halves so they will rest evenly on the tray. For a red filling, mash up the egg yolk with enough home-made mayonnaise to obtain the right consistency and add some paprika and tomato paste for color. Pipe into egg halves and decorate with tiny leaves cut from green pepper. For the green filling, pipe pureed asparagus tips, seasoned to taste, into the egg halves and top with strips of pimento. Canapés

A canapé consists of three sections: A base, a covering and some decoration. For the base you can use storebought crackers and thins, or you can make your own from day-old bread, sliced thinly and cut into whatever shape and size you want (cookie cutters are useful here). Toast or fry in butter, on one side only, and spread lightly with unsalted butter. For coverings. you can use pâté, shrimp, smoked salmon, red or black caviar, slices of cheese, or anything else that takes your fancy. For decoration, use chopped egg (yolk and white chopped separately), strips of red or green pepper, narrow pipings of mayonnaise, capers, finely chopped herbs such as parsley or chives, thin strips of cheese



Savory Puffs

1 cup water

½ cup butter

½ tsp. salt

I cup sifted all-purpose flour

3 large eggs

2 tbsp. finely grated Swiss cheese

Add butter to the salted water and bring to a boil. When the butter has melted, add the flour all at once, stirring briskly until the mixture forms a thick ball around the spoon and is free of the side of the pan. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Beat in the eggs one at a time until the dough is smooth and glossy. Stir in the grated cheese. With a pastry bag and ½-inch tube, pipe dough onto an ungreased baking sheet in small mounds about ¾

to 1 inch in diameter. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven until mounds are nicely puffed and browned (about 20 minutes). Pierce sides of puffs with the tines of a fork and leave them in the oven with heat off and door ajar for 10 minutes to dry. Cool on a wire rack. Makes about 3 dozen puffs.

Blue Cheese Filling

2 oz. Roquefort cheese

4 oz. cream cheese

3 tbsp. good cognac

In blender or food processor, mix ingredients until smooth. Fills approx. 18 puffs.

Chicken Curry Filling

I tbsp. butter

1 tbsp. curry powder

2 tbsp. white wine

½ cup cream

2 egg yolks, beaten

1½ cups finely chopped chicken

½ cup chopped blanched almonds

l tbsp. chutney sauce

2 tbsp. grated coconut

Over medium heat, melt butter and stir in curry powder. Add wine, cream, yolks and stir briskly until thickened. Remove from heat. When sauce is cool, mix in chicken, nuts, chutney and coconut. Fills approx. 18 puffs.

- Pat Lotz



BARTEN DER'S CHOICE Great drinks for the holidays

artender Peter Ferguson of Saint John, N.B., says there's one sure way to avoid ending up with a bland mixed drink in a bar. "Before ordering, ask the bartender what he recommends." Ferguson, who works at the Pier One restaurant and lounge off Main Street, says most bartenders will suggest drinks for which they have fresh ingredients. "I have been told I make the best pina colada in the Maritimes," he says. "The reason is I use fresh fruit where in other places they'll use a powdered mix." Ferguson, 23, has been tending bar for three years after taking a short preparatory course offered by a private Fredericton company. Once on the job, "it took me about three or four months to learn the basics," he says. He found women to be the toughest customers. "They order cocktails; generally men will order

rum and Coke." Ferguson hasn't stopped with the basics. "I take recipes from books and put my own twist on them." Here is one recipe with a Ferguson twist-Deck-the-Halls

Delight.

Fill 16-oz. glass with crushed ice. Pour approximately a capful of grenadine down one side of glass, ½ oz. of crème de menthe down the other. Fill glass with equal amounts of lemon and orange juice, top with white rum. Garnish with lime slice, green and red cherries. Serve with straws.

Doug Harvey, bar manager of The Pub in Charlottetown, P.E.I., has tended bar for 12 years, including two years in Leysin, a small town in Switzerland, where he ran a ski shop and doubled as bartender in the evenings. The Pub is located in the Dundee Arms, a combination inn, restaurant and bar in a large, renovated turn-ofthe-century house, where Harvey, 30, a native of Montreal, has worked for the past five years. His Pub's Delight is one of several drinks he's created to satisfy customers who want something unusual but not too strong. "We have lots of ladies in at night. I wanted something different but not too strong as far as the liquor goes. Something they could sit with for an hour if they wanted to." Although it contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of liquor, the Pub's Delight is served in a large container with lemon and orange juice to reduce the kick. "The combination of ingredients makes for a smooth drink," promises Harvey. "We have lots of people in who don't



drink because they don't like the taste of liquor. They usually have a Coke or soda water. I recommend the Pub's Delight. Some of them end up having two." Here it is.

l oz. vodka

½ oz. white rum

½ oz. Galliano ½ oz. Cointreau

3 oz. lemon bar juice (or mix 4 oz. water with 1 oz. lemon concentrate or fresh lemon juice)

Shake all ingredients together in a cocktail shaker and pour into a 10-oz. brandy snifter. Top off with fresh orange juice. Garnish with slice of orange or lemon, or a cherry.

J. Mark Boudreau, 52, bar manager at the Hotel Nova Scotian in Halifax, N.S., has been in the business for 20 years. He came to bartending after stints in the merchant marine and the RCMP. In 1971, he represented Canada at the International Cocktail Competition in Tokyo, where he placed in the top 10 contestants for speed and accuracy. Over the years, "I got so many questions about making drinks and what glasses to serve them in, I

18,000 copies. "A lot of tourists buy copies in the summer." But he'll keep to bartending in the future, and creating drinks like the Pink Almond, which he concocted specially for Atlantic Insight.

½ oz. amaretto

1/2 oz. coconut rum dash grenadine

2 oz. light cream

Mix all ingredients together and shake well. Strain into a champagne

Christine Lewes calls the upstairs bar at Christian's her "asylum." It's a cosy low-key place with a dozen tables and a small sit-down bar, on George Street in St. John's, Nfld. George Street used to be a downtown industrial alley, but it's getting overtaken by trendy restaurants and nightspots. Lewes, 28, started as the bartender for Christian's Upstairs when it opened last winter. "Now I feel like this is my home," she says, washing glasses and ashtrays before the bar opens for the night. "If someone comes in with a cold, I give them a hot toddy, with two shots of 100 proof London Dock." If a friend comes in complaining he hasn't eaten all day, she'll whip up something in the blender with bananas and milk and cream and a couple of shots of liqueurs and whiskies. She uses a lot of bananas, also fresh limes, oranges, celery, peaches in season, fresh-ground coffee and real whipped cream. Lewes lived in Jamaica until she was 17, which may be why she likes her concoctions exotic and generous in Tia Maria (also a product of Jamaica) and rich, dark overproof rum. Here is her Calypso Coffee.

Rub the rim of 10-oz. stemmed glass with fresh lemon and dip rim in granulated sugar. Pour in one shot 100 proof London Dock and one shot Tia Maria. Fill up glass with regular coffee and top with whipped cream.







to 3 friends and

save \$2.00

on each gift!

IF ORDER CARDS ARE MISSING, PLACE GIFT

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

BY CALLING, TOLL FREE

1-800-565-7687

WEEKDAYS 8:30 am - 5:00 pm



\$25.00 1 year Elsewhere \$30.00 1 year



1 subscription \$17.00 □ 2 subscriptions \$34.00 □ 3 subscriptions \$45.00 □

Now, 3 or more subscriptions only \$15.00 each!

ADDRESS PROV. CODE

2. GIFT TO ADDRESS PROV. CODE

3. GIFT TO ADDRESS PROV. CODE

4. GIFT TO ADDRESS

Renew my subscription □ Total subs. Total \$ Payment enclosed ☐ Thank you. Bill me later □ This offer good only in Canada,



FREE ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

PROV. CODE

Send cards to me □ Mail out, from Other rates: USA Territories & Possessions \$25.00 1 year Elsewhere \$30.00 1 year



No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:

6088 Coburg Road Halifax, Nova Scotia **B3H 9Z9**





to 3 friends and save \$2.00 on each gift!

IF ORDER CARDS ARE MISSING, PLACE GIFT SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BY CALLING, TOLL FREE でなった。なっているなっている。

1-800-565-7687

WEEKDAYS 8:30 am - 5:00 pm

No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed In Canada

Postage will be paid by:



6088 Coburg Road Halifax, Nova Scotia **B3H 9Z9**





NOW,12 TIMES AYEAR! And \$2.00 off the regular price on 3 or more subscriptions.

Start your Christmas shopping, now. Without even leaving home!

Pick out the people who care about Atlantic Canada as much as you care, they'd surely love to receive this award-winning magazine.

Atlantic Insight is the ideal gift for kids away at college, the people who used to live next door, and not forgetting, rich, old Uncle Herbert.

You don't even have to send the money now. We'll be happy to bill you later. Just drop the reply card in the mail or call the toll free phone number.

Do it today. It's never too early to start saving money.



ere are two popular cakes—a Christmas log and Black Forest cake-rolled into one.

Black Forest Log

1 cup self-raising cake flour 1/4 cup cocoa

3 large eggs

l cup granulated sugar

1/3 cup water l tsp. vanilla

1 14-oz. can pitted red cherries

1 tbsp. kirsch

2 cups whipping cream ½ cup confectioner's sugar

1 tbsp. strong coffee

2 tsp. cocoa

glacé cherries, grated chocolate for

decoration

Butter a 10 by 15-inch jelly-roll pan, line with wax paper, butter the paper and sprinkle with flour. Stir cocoa and flour together, set aside. At high speed of mixer, beat eggs until

minutes). Beat in granulated sugar gradually. Switch to low speed and add water and vanilla. Continuing at low speed, gradually mix in flour and cocoa, beating only until batter is smooth. Pour into pan, spreading evenly into the corners. Bake on the centre rack of a preheated 375° F, oven until a wooden toothpick inserted in cake comes out clean (12 to 15 minutes). Loosen sides of cake and invert onto a tea towel. Remove wax paper and while cake is still hot, carefully roll up cake and towel together from narrow end. Cool, seam side down, on wire rack. When cake is almost cool, unroll carefully and sprinkle with 4 tbsp. syrup (recipe follows). Leave cake for about 20 minutes. Meanwhile, whip 1 cup cream and ¼ cup confectioner's sugar until cream stands in peaks. Set aside 2 tbsp. cream for decoration and fold 1 tbsp. kirsch into the rest. Spread

cream over cake, sprinkle with welldrained, chopped cherries and roll up cake. Have someone tilt the serving plate toward the cake and using the towel on which it rests, flip the cake gently onto the plate, seam side down. Whip together I cup cream, coffee, cocoa and ¼ cup confectioner's sugar until cream stands in peaks. Using a spatula, cover cake with cream, simulating the rough surface of a log. Place three cherries on cake. Add a few drops of green food coloring to the reserved cream and fashion 2 holly leaves on either side of cherries. Sprinkle cake with grated chocolate and store in refrigerator until ready to serve. Makes 8 generous portions.

Syrup 3 tbsp. granulated sugar

1/4 cup cherry juice from can 2 tbsp. kirsch

Boil juice and sugar until sugar is melted. Cool and then stir in kirsch.





THE McGUINNESS ATTITUDE

You're not everybody. You make your own choices. You set your own style. Nobody sells you with a label or a fancy price. You know what you like and that's what counts.

McGuinness Vodka.

Christmas crafts a child-or you-can do

Text by Roma Senn. Crafts by Nancy MacPherson, Nona Fuller and Julie McLaughlin

hese Christmas decorations are a cinch to make, even if you're all thumbs. You—or a 10-yearold child-could whip up most of them on a Saturday. Start by gathering supplies, mostly from a crafts shop-Styrofoam, chenille bumps, wire, felt. Felt is a good basic material because it glues well, doesn't fray and cuts easily. Pine cones and grasses collected from woods and fields make attractive finishing touches. So do pieces of bright ribbon. You'll find other supplies around the houseflour and salt for the baked tree decorations, scraps of fabric and cardboard. You don't have to restrict your creations to Christmas symbols. Try making a variety of stuffed felt objects: A fried egg, perhaps, or a fat pink pig. Or make a natty little barber from dough decorated with paint. Use your imagination. And have fun.

Wreath

You'll need: One round cardboard or wood frame, 18 inches in diameter, with a 3-inch border; 5 lbs. mixed nuts, 50 pine cones, various sizes; 18 rose hips, shellac, glue.

domly over frame using a sturdy glue. When dry, shellac. Decorate with rose hip clumps and wired-on velvet ribbon.

Chenille bump poinsettia

You'll need: Thirty-inch strip of red chenille bumps, 30-inch strip of green chenille bumps, artificial flower centres, wire, florist tape.

Bend strips of red bumps at narrow parts into five sections, two for each petal. Do the same with green bumps. Join petals with wire covered with florist tape. Leave enough wire exposed at the top to fasten on a flower centre.

Sparkly pretzels

You'll need: Pretzels, gold spray paint, white glue, sparkles, decorations (buds, dried flowers, or grasses, berries).

Spray-paint pretzels. Glue liberally and sprinkle with sparkles. Decorate when dry.

Fabric-covered Styrofoam ornaments

You'll need: Styrofoam balls, colored fabric, various shapes and patterns; ribbon.

Using something sharp, such as a nail file, cut slits in Styrofoam. Tuck ends of fabric in slits. Decorate with a bow.

Baked decorations

You'll need: Four cups unsifted flour, 1 cup salt, 1½ cups water.

Preheat oven to 325° F. Combine flour and salt. Add water gradually. Shape dough into a ball and knead five to 10 minutes or until smooth. Shape patterns. Use a knitting needle









BOOKS



A stockingful of books

Here's a publishers' sampler for your what-to-give list

f you're looking for a Christmas present for the person who has everything—or maybe even for yourself here's a sample of what's available from Atlantic writers this season.

In The Sixth of December (Paper-Jacks), Halifax writer Jim Lotz takes a fresh approach to a familiar event the 1917 Halifax Explosion. He combines real and fictional events to come up with an exciting novel. His characters range from Leon Trotsky to a strong-minded nurse from the upper crust of Halifax, and the locale varies from the trenches of Vimy Ridge to a prisoner-of-war camp in Amherst, N.S. To his credit, Lotz makes the fiction as believable as the fact. There's a wealth of historical detail and a clever plot that keeps the reader involved to the

Eastern Sure (Nimbus Publishing) is a first collection of short stories by poet Lesley Choyce. Born and raised in New Jersey, Choyce now lives on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, the background for his stories. One, "Rupert Preston's Bad Year," already has been featured on CBC's Anthology series. Although it's a collection of short stories, Eastern Sure has something of the texture of a novel, with certain characters reappearing throughout the book. Choyce's people are largely stock characters-smalltown successes who become big-city failures, stubborn old men clinging to endangered ways of life, bright kids caught between home ties and the lure of the world beyond. However, he

paints them with such empathy and skill, they go beyond their stereotyped beginnings. The plots are clever, the

tone warm and funny.

The big book from Breakwater this season is Robert Paine's Ayatollahs and Turkey Trots: Political Rhetoric in the New Newfoundland. Paine, a social anthropologist who came to Newfoundland in 1965, developed an interest in political speech—not just what was told but the way it was said. Then, during the 1979 provincial election, he studied closely the rhetorical styles of the three main actors—Brian Peckford, the new Conservative leader. John Crosbie, then on his way to a Tory cabinet post in Ottawa; and the Liberal leader, Don Jamieson, just back from Ottawa. (The title comes from a marathon rhetorical battle between Crosbie and Jamieson.) Paine's thesis is that the three distinct styles of political speech during the campaign can tell us about Newfoundland today. Ayatollahs and Turkey Trots will be of interest for anyone following Newfoundland politics.

Woods and Water: The Commonsense Canoe Book (Nimbus Publishing) is exactly what its title implies. Author Lee Keating has set out the information needed to handle a canoe safely and well. Included are chapters on choosing a canoe, basic and advanced strokes, portaging and white water canoeing. The book is aimed at everyone from beginning canoeists to instructors. It's also not bad reading for people who never willingly go near boats. Keating

has a way of describing the outdoors that would appeal even to armchair naturalists.

Also from Nimbus is a photoessay called Halifax by photographer Sherman Hines. In more than 70 photos, Hines depicts the city's buildings, landmarks and people—a blues singer in a smokey bar, a man standing in the doorway of his bookstore, the Joe Howe Festival, a snow-covered Citadel Hill. Halifax also includes excerpts from a 19th-century guidebook to the city.

From Nova Scarcity Enterprises in Wolfville comes Hot Tongue, Cold Shoulder by Heather Davidson. A novel in the form of a diary, it chronicles the later life of Peter Thallman. who moves his family in 1759 from a farm in Connecticut to a new life in Nova Scotia. That story is tied in with the history of the apple industry in Nova Scotia. The plot is slight, but the author compensates with insight and a sense of gentle irony. To maintain the idea of a personal journal, the book is handwritten. It is illustrated effectively by Jean Hancock.— Elizabeth Hanton

FEEDBACK

Non-Capers like it too

Enjoyed with great interest your article on Kenzie MacNeil (Kenzie's Cape Breton: Touching a Chord, Music, August/September). I attended both concerts at the Savoy Theatre this summer and can assure you one need not be a Cape Bretoner to be "swinging, swaying and fighting back tears." What impressed me most about this talented group was the easy manner in which the shows were presented.

> Jean S. Forbes Ottawa, Ont.



FREE HUMBUGS



Barrington Place Shops



We have so many good things for Christmas shoppping. Even Scrooge is Happy! Come in, we'll make you Happy too!

(Park in Scotia Sq. & come over the enclosed walkway)



Barrington

Cr. Barrington/Duke Sts. 429-0668

Home Insurance Explained

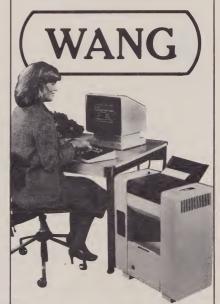
Read a simple, concise, straightforward explanation of home insurance with IBC's newly-revised 24-page booklet. "Home Insurance Explained." Seventy most commonly asked questions answered in layman's terms. Call toll free or write to:



Insurance Bureau of Canada Bureau d'assurance du Canada

Representing private insurance companies in Canada Suite 1206, 1505 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S. B3J 3K5 Telephone: 429-2730 Toll free: 1-800-565-7189

LOOK WHAT'S **NEW AT** TERMINAL MART



The Wangwriter™

A low-cost entry into high performance typing, the Wangwriter speeds typing by as much as 50%. It makes paperwork management easy.

The Wangwriter is versatile, easy to learn, with high performance, yet at a low price. For a hands-on demonstration

of how the Wangwriter can increase your productivity, visit your local Data Terminal Mart Store.

Now in Dartmouth 800 Windmill Road

DARTMOUTH • MONTREAL • OTTAWA TORONTO • CALGARY • EDMONTON VANCOUVER



COMPUTERS AND TERMINALS TO GO

HARRY FLEMMING'S COLUMN

Oh for the days when elections were fun

Now they're just "a game of mutual manipulation between politicians and the media"

e had a general election in Nova Scotia in October. It was, by universal accord, dull. But so, most commentators failed to note, was the one before and the one before that. And so, I fearlessly predict, will be the next one and the one after that. We are doomed to dull election campaigns because that's the way politicians and the backroom boys want them. They're aided and abetted by a public that no longer regards political strife as the spice of life. It wasn't always so, thank God.

The first provincial election I remember with anything resembling clarity was in 1949. Political meetings were the best game in town, and if they didn't always elucidate, they were guaranteed to entertain. At one such gathering, one of the two Liberal candidates

in Colchester County, angered by the persistent heckling of a Tory sympathizer, invited his loquacious critic to the stage to discuss their differences. As soon as the heckler hit the top step, the Grit candidate hit him with an overhand right that propelled him into his seat in the third row. Alas, when the votes were cast, it was the Liberal who went down for the count.

In those days before television advertising took up the bulk of party funds, the Conservatives and Liberals had the wherewithal to induce a poor or thirsty man to vote. I recall delivering newspapers in the Black section of Truro and seeing the chief Tory organizer in the area have trouble squeezing into his big Chrysler sedan. Pints of dark rum took up most of the available space. This didn't shock me.



Earlier I had discovered a cache of Grit grog in our garage. My father was the treasurer of the Liberal organization.

That 1949 campaign elected Robert Stanfield and G.I. (Ike) Smith to the legislature for the first time. Both, of course, went on to become premiers of Nova Scotia. Years later, during a premarital roast for Rob Smith, Ike's son, one speaker evoked the spirit of politics in those long-gone days. He said that Rob came from "an old, traditional Conservative family in Truro—so traditional were they that each Christmas Ike gave his wife a box of chocolates and a pair of nylons and she gave him a two-dollar bill and a pint of rum."



Spring Garden Rd. Halifax, B3J 1G5 423-7324

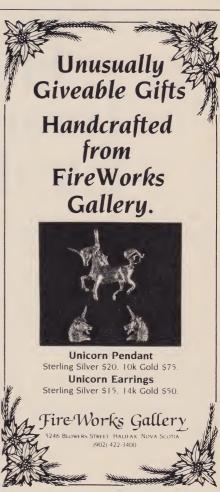
Quality men's and women's shoes.

Women's Italian shoes by Condition Fine Canadian made women's shoes from such well known makers as Denny Stewart, Thomas Wallace, Empress, Clarks, Cobbies and Kaufman.

We're near the Public Gardens...just a short walk from all downtown hotels.

Open Thursdays and Friday Evenings





Today, people would rather watch Barney Miller reruns than attend political meetings. Commendably, I suppose, they would disdain an offer to purchase their vote. And they would shun, with fine sensibility, any politician who called his opponents pusillanimous peculators in an advanced state of putrescence—whatever the truth of the charge.

But let's not blame the public for the bloodlessness of contemporary politics. Our elections are pallid things because the politicians and their advisers plan it that way. There's no more acute observer of Canadian politics than Murray Beck, professor emeritus of political science at Dalhousie University. During a fall convocation address, Beck said that "one of the saddest spectacles in Canadian politics over the last 40 years has been the coming of the ad men, or press aides, who sell political candidates like soap or corn flakes."

What else? With modern market research, running an election need no more be left to chance than the launching of a new and improved brand of mouthwash.

Nova Scotia's election campaign was a model of the pollster's and ad man's art. In July, polls taken by the governing Conservatives told them they were the choice of 45% of the electorate. The Liberals followed with 35% and the New Democrats with 20%. The polls also reported that "77% are optimistic about the future of the province." That was enough for the Conservatives. Though they had been in office less than three years and had a comfortable majority, they called an election.

Where the pollsters plowed, the ad men sowed. And the Tories reaped. The Conservatives' slogan was "Nova Scotia—The future is here." Throughout the campaign, Premier John Buchanan played to perfection the statesman's role, seldom straying from his lofty, the-land-is-strong theme—the polls showed him ahead of Liberal leader Sandy Cameron 51-21 in the "most decisive and strong" category. PC advertising was suitably vague about the government's record. As one Tory insider told me, "We're hiding our warts."

Everything worked just fine. The pollsters were right on. On Oct. 6 the PCs got 47% of the vote, the Liberals 33%, and the New Democrats 18%. The Tories went from 34 seats to 37 in the 52-member House of Assembly. The Liberals dropped from 15 seats to 13 while the NDP was able to elect only party leader Alexa McDonough, a loss of one seat. Rendered confident by the polls, the Conservatives deigned no promises that might later have to be broken. By following a bland game

plan, they avoided the mistakes that might have snatched defeat from the jaws of certain victory. It was deft, and it was dull.

There were no inflammatory charges, no flights of oratorical fancy, no heckling at raucous public meetings, no accusations of vote buying. Instead, an endless round of perfunctory hand shaking, endless repetition of the same sanitized speech, endless restatement of the same rehearsed answers to the same questions from the media.

Ah, the media. The whole election campaign seemed staged for the benefit of television, radio and the newspapers. Naturally. Without the media there

would have been no message. One poll taken in Halifax asked voters their most important source of information on the campaign. Newspapers led with 31.8%. Television was next at 25.4%. Radio was third at 13%, giving the media over 70%. The political parties and the candidates got only 10.7%, ahead of family and friends and the workplace.

Thus have elections become a game of mutual manipulation between politicians and the media, the one trying to extract something new and exciting from material skilfully designed to be bland and repetitious. Let's hear it for Barney Miller reruns.

Travel Professionalism At It's Best

Meet Quality Travel's team of professionals...specialists in business, holiday and group travel. With our totally computerized travel system, we can confirm, ticket and invoice in a matter of seconds. Put us to work for you today.



Valerie MacNutt MANAGER



Rozelle Ashley



Elaine Ribeiro



Joan Kinghan



Ruth Spence



Geraldine Stringer



Chris Callaghan

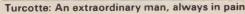


Our services are friendly and free.

1796 Granville Street, Halifax Business Holiday 429-3200 429-0080

SPORTS







He oversees beef farm from his wheelchair

Pale horse, tough rider

In 1978, jockey Ron Turcotte saw his career end in a grinding clash of hoofs and a splintering of bones. Doctors say he'll never walk again. He thinks he will. Don't bet against it

on Turcotte was the best jockey in the world. When he was aboard, mediocre horses were threats to win and great horses became unbeatable. Turcotte, the pride of Grand Falls, N.B., won the Triple Crown in 1973 and piled up \$28 million in purses during a fabulous 17-year career. He rode seven days a week, six or seven times a day, and there wasn't a jockey alive he couldn't beat. Then on July 13, 1978, in the eighth race at Belmont Park in New York, Turcotte lined up against a jockey who has never lost to anyone since the beginning of time.

The Racing Form contains no information on him, but the Bible provides this description: "Behold, a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death." In the fateful race, 50 yards from the starting gate, someone cut sharply in front of Turcotte's mount which in turn clipped a third horse and went down. Turcotte crashed

onto his neck, his career shattered like the bones in his back. He had broken his sternum, two vertebrae and fractured two others.

That day and for several days, as he lay semi-conscious in hospital, paralysed from the chest down, Turcotte could hear the footsteps of the pale horse drawing nearer. Meningitis developed; a priest pronounced last rites. Yet Death had finally met his match. Try as he may then and since, he has done no better than any mortal jockey. He cannot catch Ron Turcotte.

Turcotte, 40, rides a wheelchair now in obscurity in his home in Drum-

went down. Turcotte crashed Ron, Gaetane and their four daughters

mond, a village outside Grand Falls in northwestern New Brunswick. Around his chest, like "a tourniquet made of barbed wire," is a band of continuous, excruciating pain. In his bladder is a perpetual infection that periodically heats his body to 105 degrees fahrenheit, the twilight zone where consciousness can end and coma begin. But Turcotte regards the torment as a rival for his senses and he has never given in to any rival. He takes antibiotics to prevent the infection from consuming him, but no pills for the pain unless it becomes "too intolerable." Ron Turcotte is, as he has always been, an extraordinary man.

Turcotte's oft-repeated story, how the small son of a poor woodcutter went to Toronto in search of opportunity and became a sports giant, has passed into folklore. He quit school at 13 to follow in his father's footsteps.

Hardly bigger than Paul Bunyan's thumb, he was an unlikely lumberjack at five-footone—his full adult height—and a pudgy 125 pounds. But he was driven to succeed. "I had a little inferiority complex. I felt smaller than the rest of them and so I tried very hard to be the size of them."

In 1960 he went to Toronto to work at roofing, but

there was a carpenters' strike on, and he didn't work for a month. That May he sat in his landlord's living room watching the Kentucky Derby on TV. It was the first horse race he'd ever seen. The landlord suggested his size might land him a job at Woodbine race track. After three unsuccessful tries Turcotte was hired to "walk hots," horses that needed cooling off. He loved it. "After working 12 hours a day in the woods, it was easy."

One year later he rode his first mount. Two years later he was the top jockey in Canada. Five years later he rode in the Kentucky Derby. Aboard Tom Rolfe, he placed third, then won the Preakness and placed second in the Belmont Stakes. His performance in these three Triple Crown races established him among the riding elite. Then, in 1978, it was all over.

fter the accident, the Turcottes sold Atheir \$250,000 home in suburban Oyster Bay on Long Island, N.Y., and built a \$300,000 home out of fieldstone on farmland which had belonged to the family of Ron's wife, Gaetane, in Drummond. At first Turcotte talked of raising thoroughbreds. When he realized he'd have to devote all his energies to fighting for his life he settled for 50 head of Hereford beef cattle which Gaetane manages. He's spent 10 months out of the past 42 in hospitals in Fredericton, Toronto and New York and undergone four operations. He misses hunting—he's a crack shot—and fishing, but he cannot stand exposure to damp or cold. He's had to learn to occupy himself with sedentary pastimes, so he reads the Racing Form and watches Good Morning America on TV. He keeps tabs on the investments he and Gaetane socked away "for a rainy day," never dreaming they'd be hit by a tidal wave. When he feels up to it, he'll go for a spin in his hand-controlled maroon Cadillac Eldorado with its specially designed wide doors. This year he's also become involved with two public issues, the Year of the Disabled Persons campaign for greater accommodation of the needs of paraplegics, and the French immersion controversy in Grand Falls (see New Brunswick, page 18).

The Turcottes have four N.Y.-born unilingual English-speaking daughters, Linda, 15, Ann, 14, Tina, 12, and Tammy, 7. They became interested in the immersion program for Tammy, who took Grade 1 in the French system and is now in the English system. But generally Turcotte can't understand why the school system isn't geared to facilitate fluency in French for all his girls. "I'm really frustrated because that [language instruction] was our purpose in coming to Canada, because

we had something that wasn't available in the States."

Turcotte says he wouldn't object to his daughters becoming jockeys although he doubts if any woman, even one with Turcotte genes, can reach the pinnacle in the sport. "I've known a few girls who can ride better than 90% of the boys. But I don't think the best girl jockey can compete with the best boy jockey. As tough as a girl jockey wants to be and act, she'll lose a race, get very emotional and break down, and it has to show in the next race." Four Turcottes are riding today: Ron's brothers Rudy and Yves in Maryland, Noel in Toronto and Roger in Calgary.

Only the best jockeys earn the big bucks Turcotte did: His before-tax earnings totalled \$2.8 million. The majority earn less than factory workers. He says, "When I was riding, jockeys were paid \$35 per mount, \$45 for third place, \$55 for second, and 10% of the purse for winning [which can be a substantial sum]." But the owners of the fastest horses try to hire the best jockeys so the average jockey is often left with longshots. Weight is a crucial factor: Light jockeys under 100 pounds are in demand while those who balloon past 110 may find themselves shunned. And injuries are not uncommon. Before his final accident, Turcotte broke his

UNITED WAY FOLLOWS AN OLD CANADIAN CUSTOM WHEN IT COMES TO DISTRIBUTING FUNDS:



LET THE PEOPLE DECIDE.

If ordinary people are good enough to give their time and money each year to make United Way a success, they're also good enough to decide how the funds are used.

A lot of ordinary people with extraordinary dedication devote long hours looking over budgets and studying community needs. Then, they determine how the money you give is going to be allocated, among the many needs in your community.

Because that's the way United Way works. And why.

Thanks to you, it works . . . for ALL OF US.



United Way
Centraide

SPORTS

ribs several times, his leg once, bruised his heart and lung muscles, suffered a concussion and risked being trampled in one race when his horse died of a heart attack while out in front of 12 other horses.

Turcotte's greatest moment in racing came when he rode wonder horse Secretariat to the Triple Crown in 1973, the first such winner since Citation in 1948. Secretariat raced 21 times in his career and won 17; Turcotte was aboard for 16 of those victories. "The old-timers, those who saw them all

including Man O' War, told me that Secretariat was the best they'd ever seen. It wasn't like riding flesh and blood at all. Secretariat was a machine." Turcotte's been inducted into five halls of fame: New Brunswick Sports, National Museum of Racing (U.S. racing), Canadian Sports, Canadian Racing and Long Island Sports. Happily, he's got more than just plaques and press clippings left over from his salad days. "We've got enough money to live comfortably," he says.

He's determined to walk again

Living comfortably means—among other things—being able to say no. Turcotte did, to a Hollywood agent who appeared almost before the dust of the accident had settled, waving a contract for film rights. Turcotte wanted authenticity. The studio wanted commercial fiction. Turcotte says the script writer didn't even try to be factual. "He was supposed to spend some time with me, but he just came down for about two hours, long enough to get the names straight." After reading one dismal revised script after

He is determined not only to overcome his infection and pain, but also to walk again. He pins his hopes on science, but he also goes to church every Sunday. "Science is coming up with something new every day," he says. "Who knows? Some scientists claim there is nerve rejuvenation. Others claim the spinal nerves never

another, Turcotte told the studio to

regenerate.'

keep its \$150,000.

His resolve is formidable. Once, a Saint John doctor took one look at him and said: "What do you want? You'll never walk again. You don't need another operation. And you'll always be in pain." Turcotte also knows the odds against his walking are perhaps a billion to one. But his whole life has been a longshot. That didn't stop him from achieving his other goals. Why change now?

WANTED



men and women with good business ideas

The Newfoundland and Labrador Development Corporation wants to hear from men and women in the Province who have sound proposals for new business ventures.

Such proposals may involve a business start-up, and expansion project or modernizing an existing business. The size of the project is very much up to the business operator—the Development Corporation has provided financing for small ventures under \$2,000 and for large

ventures up to a maximum of \$2.5 million.

The Corporation is especially interested in hearing from people who propose business ventures which will make new uses of the Province's natural resources—the fishery, forestry, agriculture, mineral deposits and quarries. Manufacturing and processing ventures are also of paramount importance to the Corporation. And there are many opportunities to be explored in the fields of tourism and services to industry.

The Newfoundland and Labrador Development Corporation, a joint Federal-Provincial agency, can provide term loans, equity capital and complete business/technical in-

formation.

The Corporation's informational and advisory services, "info-Reach," provide the Province's business community not only with a wealth of current business-related material, but also an excellent source of facts and figures relating to the business venture being comtemplated. These services are provided at no cost to the business man or woman. The Development Corporation studies each proposal presented to it for financing and makes every effort to assess the likely viability.



Newfoundland and Labrador Development Corporation Limited

Head Office: 44 Torbay Road P.O. Box 9548, St. John's Newfoundland A1A 2Y4 Telephone (709) 753-3560, Telex 016-4675 Also offices in Goose Bay Grand Falls Corner Brook

Our business is helping business

THE AMAZING,

HAND HELD CORDLESS TELEPHONE!!

IT GOES WHERE YOU GO...INDOORS OR OUTDOORS, the new cordless telephone



is the greatest innovation in communications since the first extension phone. Now you can have a truly portable telephone to use when and where you need it. No cords and no special installations required to use in your home or outside.



HELD & OPERATED IN ONE HAND

The cordless telephone leaves you free to move from room to room or inside to outdoors...while you are still talking. Wherever you happen to be...up to 750 feet away from your home you can answer the phone, make outgoing calls and talk... all with no change in voice quality.



GREAT FOR HOME & BUSINESS USE

The cordless telephone, goes where you go, To the Basement - In the Attic - To the baby's room - on the balcony - to your neighbours home - to the swimming pool - in the garage. It rings, let you receive calls, or dial out in the same way you use an ordinary phone, but no cord.

Amazing - it truly is. Only \$299.00 complete

To order your phone call Mr. Douglas COLLECT, 416-624-2730 or if busy 416-275-2838. Credit Card orders only, or write to address below.

LEGAL FOR USE...ONE YEAR FULL WARRANTY...USE WITH PRESENT PHONE SYSTEM

DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE

For Information on how You can become a dealer in your area call: 416-275-2838

Mr. Kerr

10 DAY NO RISK, MONEY BACK GUARANTEE Please send me a cordless telephone as advertised above. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I can return my phone within 10 days undamaged and receive a full refund of my purchase price.	
5129 Tor	nken Road, Mississauga, Ontario L4W 1P1
Name	Signature
Address	Send mePhones at \$299.00 each plus Sales Tax (Ont.)
Cheque	Enclosed □ Charge to my Visa □ MasterCard □ Acct. No.
Evn Dat	



"Sunrise" The Heritage Foundation House, Charlottetown, P.E.I. - Susan Abbass

Island photographer snaps up Grand Prize in 1981 Insight/Carsand-Mosher Photo Contest



GRAND PRIZE WINNER Susan Abbass 6 Edinburgh Drive,

Charlottetown, P.E.I. Receives: Pentax ME-Super with 50mm fl.4 lens.

Wade Yorke was totally delighted. "It was exciting to see entries coming in from all across Canada, but Susan Abbass' Grand Prize-winning Island pictorial was the unanimous choice of all three judges."

Carsand-Mosher's Wade Yorke, along with Insight art director Bill Richardson and photography director David Nichols found themselves facing a mountain of over a thousand prints and transparencies. The over-all quality was "excellent" and the range of subjects paid tribute to the variety of camera opportunities available in Atlantic Canada. Prizes, including the Grand Prize and the divisional

prizes of Pentax K-1000 cameras, and gift certificates for photo finishing were all supplied by Carsand-Mosher in Truro. Other prizewinning pictures will appear in the January issue of Atlantic Insight.

DIVISIONAL PRIZE WINNERS

Newfoundland & Labrador

1st Dennis Helmuth, 13A Grenfell Ave., St. John's, Nfld.

2nd George Stockley, Box 24, La Scie, Nfld.

J.R.Gibeau, P.O. Box 7320 Postal Station "A", Saint John, N.B.

Prince Edward Island

1st Bob Blakey, 406, 929-13 Ave., SW Calgary, Alta.

2nd Mary Bourke, P.O. Box 82, Souris, P.E.I.

Barbara A. Mayhew, 289 Richmond St., Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Nova Scotia

1st Tanis Root, Wolfville, N.S.

2nd Donald K. Poisson, 7793-118 "A" Street, Delta BC

3rd Rev. Hugh Irwin, #4-2310 Christopherson White Rock, B.C.

New Brunswick

1st R.F. Morrell, 66 Orange Street, Saint John, N.B.

2nd Donald J.J. Carroll, Box 38, Site 7, RR # 6, Fredericton, N.B.

3rd L. Wallace, Hillsborough, N.B.

MOVIES

Blessed be Ellen Burstyn. She is pure in heart

Somebody should be able to make an honest, exuberant movie about the lives of women in the Canadian wilderness. Silence of the North isn't it.

By Martin Knelman n Silence of the North, playing Olive Fredrickson, Canada's woman in the wilderness, Ellen Burstyn suffers and suffers but always plunges bravely on, smiling radiantly in the manner of one who is fully aware of having attained sainthood. The real Mrs. Fredrickson, who was given a preview of the movie in July at her home in Vernon, B.C., on her 80th birthday, wrote a book of the same name about her life story nearly 10 years ago. Even though her second husband told her no one would be interested and she was wasting her time, the book was not only published but became a best seller-and was later condensed by Reader's Digest and translated into French and Italian.

Her adventures in the Far North began when she married Walter Reamer in 1920. "My husband was a roamer and a dreamer," she explains in her book, "so I roamed with him and shared his dreams." In the opening section of this ruggedly handsome but stolid movie epic, directed by Allan King and filmed across Canada from northern Alberta to Toronto, the young heroine dumps her two overprotective brothers and a tiresome would-be suitor to run off with this romantic stranger. whom her family considers a no-good wandering trapper. Actually, she doesn't run off, she floats off down the Lesser Slave River in a boat while clutching a violin. It's at this point that she announces she means to be called Olive instead of Alta, an indication of the momentous transformation she is about to undergo.

Just what was it that drew Alta/Olive to Walter and impelled her to renounce her old life and risk everything for him? In the movie, that remains a mystery; the question is hardly even asked, let alone answered. Since Walter Reamer is played by Tom Skerritt, an American actor who always seems to be drifting away in some sweet-tempered fog, we can be sure of one thing: It has nothing to do with erotic explosions. Silence of the North is the kind of movie in which there couldn't be any place for sexual excitement except in the depiction of wicked people. Olive herself is so steeped in duty, frontier virtue and noble forbearance that she hardly has

time to be human.

During the first 16 months of their marriage, Olive and Walter move four times, each time a little further north—and with each move, she seems to become a little more insufferably pure

of heart. Burstyn turns Olive into the most dedicated wife since June Allyson waited patiently, sniffling by the fireside, while James Stewart went missing in *The Glenn Miller Story*. And when her husband dies and then the child he



Every year, too many people who travel find out the hard way. Medical help away from home doesn't come cheap. A broken leg may cost \$875, appendicitis \$2,700, a heart attack \$15,000

What your government health plan doesn't pay, you have to. Unless you have a Blue Cross Travel Plan.

For 70¢ a day you get unlimited coverage over and above what the government pays for specified medical expenses. Included, you get accidental death and dismemberment benefits through our affiliate Atlantic Mutual Life.

Protect your family for as little as \$1.45 a day. Apply at your nearest travel agent or Blue Cross office.

Nobody plans to have an accident. Everybody should have a plan to pay for it

Blue Cross Travel Plan



MOVIES

never saw also dies, she attains martyrdom.

Ellen Burstyn didn't just happen to be offered this role; she worked, cajoled and campaigned for years to get this movie made. She has been obsessed with the project since 1974 when she first read the book.

Burstyn may have been attracted to this story because her own life has also been a struggle, not against the wilderness but against failure. Before becoming a star, she had 15 or 20 years of frustration, working as a model, appearing in nightclub chorus lines, doing screen tests, taking bit parts in tacky TV productions. Since her Hollywood breakthrough in the early 1970s—in The Last Picture Show, The Exorcist, Harry and Tonto—and her Oscar-winning role in Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Burstyn has clutched at her success with an unnerving desperation. Directors as gifted as Paul Mazursky and Martin Scorsese have been able to focus her energy and do something with it, but in other people's movies she creates phony, queenly characters, and fights to deny any instinct or emotion that might be halfway believable.

Allan King earned a reputation in

the 1960s as a pioneer in cinema vérité documentaries, which he preferred to call "actuality dramas." Silence of the North is only his second theatrical, fictional feature.

Who Has Seen the Wind, the first, is a handsome, entertaining movie. It is also a showcase for Canadian acting talent (people such as Charmion King and Gordon Pinsent), and Canadian audiences responded to it as a living salute to the plain small towns strung out in the wilderness, whose values seemed to epitomize the Canadian experience. In Silence of the North, that prissiness proves lethal.

King has been able to carry only some of his strengths as a documentarian into feature movies. He doesn't have a flair for action footage, and his sense of drama is marked by such a gentlemanly restraint that we may experience it as a form of deprivation. He doesn't have a hot-blooded temperament, and it may not be possible to make exciting movies without one. In Who Has Seen the Wind, he had other things to fall back on—the homespun appeal of W.O. Mitchell's novel about a Prairie boyhood, the energy of rich characters and the gifted actors who played them, and, of course, Richard

Leiterman's unforgettably artful cinematography. But even great cinematography can't single-handedly save a troubled movie.

In Silence of the North, the script (by Patricia Louisiana Knop) is too one-dimensional, and there's nothing to fall back on except Leiterman's virtuoso camerawork. The picture is worth seeing for one brilliant sequence—the spring ice breakup on the Athabaska River. Mercifully, during this part, we're spared the ordeal of listening to Ellen Burstyn's banal chirruping about the wisdom she learned from the wilderness.

As John Fredrickson, a bush pilot who was Olive's second husband, Gordon Pinsent brings a bit of energy and charm to the proceedings. Pinsent is an honorable, entertaining actor, and he looks awfully good in a soup kitchen, but he doesn't have the opportunity here to carry the show. Maybe if he had played her first husband instead of her second, Pinsent could have given Burstyn a focal point on which to shape a performance.

Perhaps an honest, exuberant movie could be made about a woman making a life in the Canadian wilderness but Silence of the North isn't it.



MARKETPLACE

GENERAL

BED AND BREAKFAST—Southern California. Canadian-American home. First Class accommodations. Call (213) 248-3887, or write: 2740 Ridgepine Drive, LaCrescenta, California 91214

FOR THE FLY FISHERMAN at Christmas. Our 1981 catalogue is full of ideal gifts for the fisherman in your family. Send 50¢ for a copy and ask also for our Christmas special list. Baird's Snow Country, Box 22, Clementsvale, Nova Scotia BOS 1GO (902) 467-3626

CREATIVE? Would you enjoy demonstrating needlecrafts? Fun and Profitable. Contact Mrs. D. Tremble, 98 Glengrove Road, Moncton, N.B. E1A 5X5 (506) 382-9793

MARITIME FLAVOUR, a personal shopping service. A selection of gifts for Christmas, conventions and special events. For information, contact M.C.S. Ventures Ltd., Box 8148, Station "A", Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 5L8 (902) 422-2196

CUSTOM BUILT AND LIGHTED DOLLHOUSE. Plans and parts to build your own. For information, contact M.C.S. Ventures Ltd., P.O. Box 8148, Station "A", Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 5L8 (902) 422-2196

FISHING RIGHTS AND CAMP SITE on Miramichi River, New Brunswick. Harold Curley, Doaktown, New Brunswick EOC 1GO (506) 365-7963

BOOKS

"THE NORTH WEST MIRAMICHI." A history of the locality with genealogies and history of the Menzies, Sinclair, Curtis and Mullin families, by Doreen Menzies Arbuckle. 479 pp., noted and indexed, 119 ill., hardcover. \$15 postpaid in Canada, \$16 elsewhere. Mrs. Daniel A. Arbuckle, 883 Mountain View Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5G1 (613) 596-1132

"THE MARITIMES 1982"—A Calendar of Historical Events—Maritime Firsts in Canada and the World—Numerous Notable Birth Dates—Enlightening Facts—Historic Facts—Historic Photographs—2,500 Carefully Researched Entries—Now in Bookstores—Or order directly from the Publisher—\$6.95 includes postage/handling—Xanadu Press, Box 1952, Dept. A, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 5G4 (506) 455-1952—"...a veritable encyclopedia of Maritime information." Saint John Telegraph Journal

THE MONCTONIANS by J.E. Belliveau. Read about the rise and fall of family fortunes, the changing character from a rough and often rowdy settlement to a sedate and flourishing town and city. At bookstores or write Lancelot Press, Box 425, Hantsport, N.S. B3H 1Z4

CARTOONS BY BEUTEL. Best of Josh Beutel's recent political cartoons are now available in book form. Send \$4.00 for your copy to: Beutel Cartoon Book, c/o The Telegraph-Journal, 210 Crown Street, Saint John, New Brunswick E2L 3V8

REAL ESTATE

OCEAN FRONT PROPERTY—Saint Andrews, N.B. Very private and secluded 2Î acres on Passamaquoddy Bay. Ideal for home or cottage. M. Wheatley, Montreal Trust Real Estate, 7 Robinson Drive, Ouispamsis, N.B. EOG 2W0 (506) 847-2425 or (506) 642-2206





100% WOOL

Cape Breton Woolen Mills Ltd.

"Manufacturers of Irish Cove Yarns"

RR # 1, Irish Cove Cape Breton, N.S. BOA 1H0 (902) 828-2776

NANCY POOLE'S STUDIO



The Magician
Oil on canvas 30" × 30"

SHEILA COTTON

New Paintings 1981 December 5-19

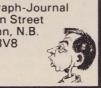
16 HAZELTON AVENUE, TORONTO (416) 964-9050



NOW IN BOOK FORM...\$4.00

For your copy, send cheque or money order to: Beutel Cartoon Book

c/o The Telegraph-Journal 210 Crown Street Saint John, N.B. E2L 3V8





BURNSIDE 463-7763 TRANSPORT LTD.

55 AKERLEY BLVD., DARTMOUTH

General Trucking

Container and Flat Deck Service

Full Load Service to Cape Breton





RENT, BUY, & SELL, PAtlantic ight

SALOON Your Western Saloon in ST. JOHN'S

Serving the Finest Steaks
 This Side of Calgary

Live Country Entertainment
Corner of George Street and Adelaide Street

St. John's, Newfoundland Telephone (709) 753-7822

Open: High Noon — 1 A.M. Fri. & Sat. High Noon — 2 A.M. Sunday 5 P.M. — Midnight

RAY GUY'S COLUMN

A Christmas lament for a child's loss of faith

t's Baby Jesus time again and a cruel annual reminder to a Bad Daddy such as myself that it is only for the lack of millstones in these parts that I haven't been drowned in the depths of the sea. That's the stern medicine set down in Scriptures for those who offend little ones: A millstone necklace and a boot over the gunwales above the Mariana Trench. My offence against the throne of heavenly grace is that I knocked our five-year-old completely off her prayers two years ago. She's got her little heels stuck firmly in against even the "Now-I-layme-downs." Should she die before she wakes, she is not concerned in the slightest about the deposition of her soul.

Theology and the little ones, of course, are an extremely delicate mixture. Try as you will, they persist in squirreling away their punch-out Easter Bunnies in the spring to stick behind the punch-out cardboard manger scenes at Christmas. Not quite cricket for one baptised in the established

Church.

Should my first offspring's feet be directed at some time in the future toward a Jonestown instead of Canterbury, the blame would lie heavily on me. What is a Bad Daddy to do? Pass her over to the Jesuits until she is

eight?

A Bad Daddy thinks not. He chooses, instead, to put it all down on paper here so that she may cut it out and save it and not have to go to the uncertain extreme of dashing off a letter to Ann Landers when in her teens. By that time, she would have to blow her dowry on the postage stamp, anyway.

It was her Bad Daddy's highstomached pride that set his oldest daughter's mind against the baby,

Jesus.

I had a cat which I named "Hodge." That was an outrageous thing to do. There is a superstition in Newfoundland that boats' names are not to be tampered with, and I think now it must also apply to those of feline pets. Dr. Samuel Johnson thought so highly of his cat, Hodge, that he perambulated down to the fishmonger's himself to get it a few dozen oysters rather than send his servant, lest that irksome chore turn said servant's mind against

the brute to the extent that he would then mistreat it.

If you follow. My Hodge got squashed in a neighbor's driveway. Well, perhaps not squashed first. I think he expired due to natural causes and then got squashed a little. In any case he went to pussy-cat heaven.

Trouble is, our older child was told that Hodge had gone to live with Baby Jesus. So finely tuned is her sense of property that for the two years past she has not forgiven the aforementioned Infant. By what right did Baby Jesus take away daddy's Hodge, her Hodge. She remains unconsoled. How, then, do you explain to a five-year-old that in Newfoundland the majority of the people are accustomed to speaking directly and distinctly to God?

Or that her father was once in an extremely small boat in an extremely heavy gale when the extremely simple engine conked and there was an extremely good chance of death among the hardest rocks and the wettest water in the world. And that, then, the captain of the boat said, "Very well then, damn You to hell's flames, God. I have kept up my end of the bargain. What about Yours?"

With that, the engine started. Which says lots—as I have indeed told my oldest daughter—for plain speech, and for extremely simple engines, and for being God-fearing without wetting your pants when coming face to face with said Party. But do you think she'll

say her prayers?

I and Baby Jesus try to get in the back way. She knows and her sister knows, too, that bunny rabbits and fields of corn don't go together. She'll soon reply to me that the season is too short in Newfoundland for corn and that we don't have rabbits, we have arctic hares, and so the problem remains. But still she sings:

Root them out, get them gone All the little bunnies in the fields of corn

Envy, hatred, malice, pride These shall never in my heart abide.

It is small encouragement. Another Nativity has rolled round and a miserable little cat named Hodge is still gone. Baby Jesus has still got him. Hodge has bat ears and is extremely scrawny.

Due to his absence—pay strict at-



tention, God—You suffer the loss of one child's prayers. So, clean up Your act, Old Man. You know and I know that Hodge went to the Robin Hood Bay dump in the Glad bag and that I'm not so good at explaining these things. But You did hear me say at the time, didn't You, "God help me," and You didn't.

Anyway, I forgive You. You have your troubles, God knows. But if Your 2,000-year-old offspring and my five-year-old offspring aren't on better terms next year I shall really have my doubts.

Happy Birthday to the little Fellow from me in any case.

FEEDBACK

Only in Newfoundland, you say?

The bakeapple, or cloudberry, is one of my favorite fruits, and I welcomed the recipes that were printed in the August/September issue (Beautiful Bakeapples, Food). However, the article appears to imply that if you want to pick these delicious fruits, you must travel to Newfoundland, Labrador, or take a hop across the pond. The truth is that the fruit has a much broader range. While wilderness camping in the northern regions of Quebec and Ontario I have come across large expanses of bakeapples, frequently sharing space with cranberries and bearberries. I have found several abundant patches growing in the barrens from East Dover to well past Peggy's Cove, and around Cole Harbour. The patches around the Northumberland Strait once provided the markets of old Halifax.

> R.J. Middleton Halifax, N.S.

Your article on bakeapples stated they were found in Newfoundland, Labrador and northern Europe, but you failed to mention West Point, Prince Edward Island. The people in the area walk about a mile along the shores of Northumberland Strait and go to a real boggy area to get them. I'm not a native of West Point but I've gone picking them so I know all about the rubber boots and long walks. Everyone around here considers them a great treat.

Geraldine Stewart
O'Leary, P.E.I.

The Canadian Spirit...



with spirit.

At Avis we try harder. CHEVROLET CAVALIER Avis features GM cars and trucks.

Any car rental company will reserve you a car.
Only Avis tries harder to get you where you're going.

We have a world-wide reservation system that's remarkably efficient at making sure your Avis car is ready when you need it—at competitive rates you can afford. But in the unlikely event that we don't have the class of car you reserved, we'll upgrade your class of car for the same price. And if a replacement isn't available we'll try to get you a car from the competition.

In fact, if we can't get you on your way within an hour of your arrival at the counter we'll give

you a \$50 voucher* towards your next Avis rental.

That's right, \$50. No other car rental company makes this offer. That's because at Avis

trying harder isn't just a slogan.It's a guarantee.

* Voucher available in, and for use in Canada only, and only on confirmed reservations. Customer must appear at counter within 3 hours after specified reservation time.



We try harder. We guarantee it.

Avis and "We try harder" are registered trademarks of Aviscar Inc